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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: :: Editor

AUSTRIA AUGMENTS HER FOLLY

CONFLICTING and meager reports concerning the sinking of the Italian liner Ancona, by two submarines, both said to have flown the Austrian flag, impel restrained language in commenting on the latest piece of maritime folly, to employ the mildest phrase possible in referring to so unpardonable an act. Unpardonable, because even though it may be shown that the liner was attempting to escape there is no excuse for sending an unarmed ship to the bottom before giving the noncombatant passengers opportunity to take to the small boats. One report states that not only was the ship fired upon after she had stopped, but the lifeboats were raked by the submarine gun-fire, resulting in loss of life, an account that must be received with extreme caution. It is a deplorable circumstance, no matter what the details, and if it shall prove that lives of American citizens were sacrificed, the Austrian government will find itself still further non persona grata in this country, following the indiscretions of Dr. Dumba. It had been hoped that the widespread denunciations of the Germans for sinking the Lusitania had taught the belligerents an unforgettable lesson, but, apparently, the lust to destroy knows no limitations. Considering that our diplomatic relations with Austria already are broken it is uncertain in what manner the state department will proceed to voice a protest and endeavor to get official disavowal of what, at best, is a grossly inhuman act.

INDEFENSIBLE ACT OF CITY COUNCIL

TAXPAYERS of Los Angeles will note with grim interest that the city council, sitting as a committee of the whole, has voted to sell nearly \$3,500,000 more of the power bonds, drawing 4½ per cent interest, leaving about \$2,000,000 of the 1914 issue unsold. Why not let them all go? The city, in that event, could distribute upward of \$5,500,000 with the local banks that would earn 2 per cent interest, or \$110,000 annually. True, the fixed interest charges on the bonds sold would necessitate an annual outlay of \$247,500, but what is \$137,500 among city hall financiers? The excuse is made by the finance committee that in the event of an award by the state railroad commission, in the Edison condemnation proceedings, at a higher rate than the bond sale funds will compass, then it will be the policy of the city to establish a distributing system in that section of Los Angeles not already served—no specific quarter stated—thus carrying out the “will” of the people. Of course, that is sheer buncombe. The power bonds were voted for a specific purpose and not to indulge in economic waste. To establish yet another lighting system in a city so admirably and economically served as Los Angeles is, would be an indefensible and unwarranted waste of public funds. This is on the supposition that the \$5,500,000 would be enough for the plant. But everybody who has studied the matter at all knows that it would require three times that sum, at least, to supply the entire city with electricity for light and power purposes. The people are in no present mood to vote money to parallel existing systems and the finance committee of the city council is well aware of the fact. But it is anxious to handle the funds, to create additional indebtedness, and in order to induce more bond issues—the throwing away of good money after bad—it will start the new system, as outlined, and trust to the future to get enough money to complete the economic sacrifice. It is poor business, deplorable financiering. But that is not the worst feature. Having had a “hunch” as Councilman Conwell graphically expresses it, that the railroad commission's valuation of

the Edison plant, based on severance charges, will be prohibitive, the city council, ignoring the conscientious work of the state commission and the heavy expense which the condemnation proceedings have entailed, proceeds to anticipate the decision by taking action in advance of the report. It is almost indecent, certainly discourteous to the commission, and cannot fail to be resented by that body. Instead of waiting and then, if the award proves unsatisfactory, asking the people to express their wishes through a referendum vote, the taxpayers are to be rushed into further unnecessary debt, willy nilly. Economic waste of millions is to result, the state railroad commission is practically insulted and another huge folly is to be perpetrated. And all for what? To make fat contracts for a chosen few, is it?

UNCLE SAM CALLS GREAT BRITAIN

EVIDENTLY, it is the intent of the President to “play no favorites” in maintaining the role of a neutral nation, hence the protest to Great Britain launched against the unwarranted seizures of American vessels and commerce is in the nature of the expected. Fortunately, no loss of life has occurred in the various arbitrary acts exercised by the British in curtailing the rights of our people to the freedom of the seas in dealing with other neutral nations, but so many exasperating violations of international law are chargeable to the offending nation that to remain silent any longer were to lay this country under grave suspicion that our neutrality were a mere allegation. Naturally, Americans realize how vital it is to the allies to prevent at any cost the conveyance of supplies to her enemies, but a mode of procedure is outlined by international law which every signatory power is bound to observe or prove itself an outlaw. While Great Britain controls the high seas by virtue of her superior fleet, that does not give her the right to extend the blockade against her foes to an unreasonable length, imposing hardships upon neutral countries through violence to their shipping, or on the flimsy pretext that certain cargoes are intended for the consumption of the enemy, regardless of absence of proof in substantiation of the charge. Traversing these repeated arbitrary and indefensible acts Secretary Lansing has voiced a strong protest against the policy of expediency rather than the conforming to established rules of international conduct and it is insisted that such arbitrary curtailment of our privileges must cease. Doubtless, Great Britain will reply in kind to the earnest but polite phraseology of the secretary of state, whose position is not to be lightly attacked. It is an effort to maintain certain national ideals, to uphold international laws which should be inviolable, and in attempting to maintain that the doctrine of rights of peaceful nations should take precedence of the military necessities of belligerents the state department is performing an act that calls for the hearty support of all neutral nations. It is unthinkable that Great Britain will take a toplofty attitude in framing a reply. The fact that she is essentially wrong is certain to prove a lubricating factor in arriving at an amicable agreement.

JAPANESE SEEK OUR FRIENDSHIP

ONE paragraph in the imperial rescript emanating from the Japanese emperor, Yoshihito, on the occasion of his official consecration at Kioto, Wednesday, should be pondered seriously by those Japaphobians who see constant menace to America in the activities of the Japanese on sea and land. After paying just tribute to the development of the nation in its formation of character the Mikado added: “Now that we have inherited the grand work of our father it is our will to secure the permanent stability of the state by consolidating its foundation, and to share the benefits of peace and harmony by strengthening friendship with other nations. May the heavenly spirit of our ancestors witness our determination that we fulfill our mission by diligently laboring day and night.” There is a ring of sincerity in this utterance in nowise discounted by the fact that Japan is at war with the Central Powers. Japan's alliance with Great Britain rendered a neutral course impossible. So far as the Japanese attitude toward the United States is concerned one has only to look within to note the true significance of the emperor's protestation of friendship. In every important city in America the resident Japanese consul, evidently

acting under a preconcerted movement inspired from the highest official sources, made the consecration of the emperor the occasion of a semi-public reception and ball, invitations to which were extended to representative men and women of each locality. In inviting prominent Americans thus to help celebrate the accession of the Mikado a significant departure from former customs is to be noted. The Japanese by this token indicate their desire to foster friendly relations between the two countries and we believe right thinking citizens of America will recognize the earnest intention of the Japanese government to cultivate a spirit of good will that shall eventually put to flight the unjust suspicions launched by narrow-minded individuals and political agitators against a proud and intensely progressive nation. We felicitate the Japanese vice-consul, Mr. Ujiro Oyama, on the success of the reception celebration in this city. Following his speech of welcome he led in three “banzais” for President Woodrow Wilson, after which Mr. Meyer Lissner responding for the Americans, led in a like tribute to the Japanese emperor. The nation-wide occasion marks a new epoch in the international relations of the two countries.

WHY FOOTBALL ENTHUSIASTS MOURN

ALL lovers of good clean sport in California must deplore the break between Stanford University and the University of California, which makes the annual football game between the two teams a thing of the past. Instead of eager interest at this season of the year in the impending struggling of the cardinal with the blue and gold colors the alumni and their friends of both colleges have to be content with subordinate contests with opposing teams that in nowise arouse enthusiasm. Far from taxing the capacity of the bleachers and grand stand at Berkeley the game between U. of C. and Washington College last Saturday drew a comparatively small attendance and the result, alas, was utter defeat to the Blue and Gold, by a score of 72 to 0. Justice to the vanquished compels the statement that the home varsity team was new to the American game. But there's the pity of it! Why change at all? Rugby is full of interest to the spectator. It gives every player a chance to exhibit skill and alertness; beef is subordinated to brains. However, it was not so much because Rugby was in disfavor at U. of C. that the English game was discarded as that Stanford's demand to place freshmen on the 'varsity team was discountenanced. Stanford, with a much smaller body of students upon which to draw for recruits, stoutly maintained her right to unrestricted use of available material, pledging a well-earned reputation to the ethics of the game in making up her team. U. of C. declined to acquiesce in this view and a rupture of interests followed. Too bad! No more inspiring sight can be conceived than when the varsity teams of the two California universities face each other on their respective fields in their tense young manhood, trained to immaculate hardness, awaiting the kick-off. Hasten the day when that spectacle shall return! When the fair co-eds, keyed up to fervent enthusiasm, vie with the male “rooters” in their loyalty to their alma mater. We call upon the alumni of both universities to bring about a speedy restoration of the ante status quo.

BRYAN'S MESSAGE WORTH PONDERING

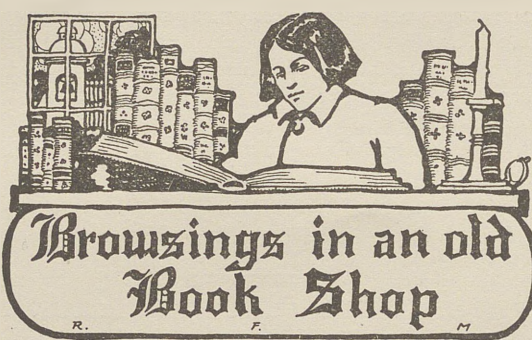
IN Mr. Bryan's courteously expressed reply to Mr. Wilson's Manhattan Club address, outlining his policy of preparedness, were many points to give food for thought. The former secretary of state says that in increasing our armaments we are reversing our national policy, and Why should we? he pertinently asks. That in devoting an increased revenue to preparation for war, we are breeding suspicion in the minds of our neighbors north and south, is a sequential thought, and again he asks, Why should we? The trend of his observations seems to be, What are we aiming against, and for what? That preparedness does not prevent war has been magnificently demonstrated. We are not aiming for aggression, and we are not threatened from any quarter. “But we may be,” whisper the fearful, until a panic has spread over the land, not violently discouraged by armament makers! And we are allowing ourselves to be frightened at a shadow. A shadow of what? Is it a Uhlan in a helmet hat? Are we afraid of the Germans? Why not put it bluntly? Is that

why we are arming ourselves. To defend ourselves against a possible attack from Germany in case she wins in the present war? If she does not win of course we are not in danger, and if she does, what then? The Japanese? All the nations at war are bleeding to death. Win or lose, they will have little strength left to fight another continent at the end of the present struggle. We have proclaimed ourselves a peaceful nation, and steadfastly refused to vie with any nation's military might. Why should we now, when war is spending itself, and nations that we have never feared in their strength are prostrate in the muck of carnage—why should we now take to arms? The event is past. Our peace is what the world most needs. We are a mighty nation, not by force of arms; we are a rich nation, not by thefts from our neighbors; we are a courageous nation and not self-seeking; why suddenly must we stand "at attention?" We need better industrial conditions, work for every man, better roads, better farms, better markets, better schools for more children, better laws to protect children. We do not need "dreadnaughts," ironical name! nor aeroplanes, nor submarines, nor farther-reaching guns. Our army has been ample for our needs, and is so still; why should we multiply it? Put it in order, yes, and give every boy, as a part of the routine of the high school training, enough military drill to make him intelligent on the subject. Enough so that he knows the language of the manual of arms. If sudden need arises of a citizen soldiery, which heaven forbid, at least, he will know the rudiments. Such knowledge does not commit him to war any more than a knowledge of the constitution commits him to the practice of law, or a course in chemistry incites him to compounding poisons. Why do we not stand upon our character and refuse to be stampeded, is the Bryan message. If we accept the theory of complete armament then Germany is right, England is right. The biggest and the best—or none at all. But we have never accepted that theory and why should we now when every day it is being more and more discredited? It is a step backward, not forward, to arm ourselves; our ideals are other where. Why should we guard ourselves against evils only we ourselves can create? Why may not all our ways "be pleasantness and all our paths be peace?" Are we willing, as a nation, to repudiate the Brotherhood of Man? The Graphic is skeptical on the subject.

"PATRIOTISM AND PROFITS"

HOWEVER much one may sympathize with the cause of the Allies it is only right to deal justly with the Central Powers and we are glad to note that conscientious editors of daily, weekly and monthly journals and magazines are impelled to this course. Deplore as one may the execution of Miss Cavell there are precedents for such a drastic step. We believe Germany did not advance her own interests in carrying out the sentence, but that is her affair; her right of action—assuming that war has its ethics—is not to be questioned. Even so pronounced a supporter of the Allies as Colonel George Harvey is found, in his North American Review for November, doing exact justice to Germany in regard to the recent Anglo-French bond issue, financed in this country, which he does not hesitate to say makes us an ally of the Allies. Why stultify and discredit ourselves by pretending to the contrary, which we know to be false, he asks, and quotes the London Spectator of a few weeks ago in proof that the English have no illusions on that score. Nor has Colonel Harvey any illusions, superinduced by the attitude of the bankers, who helped to float the half billion dollar loan. He admits that the proceeds are to remain here, but argues that so far as extending credit to England and France they already have it. The loan was largely to meet liabilities previously incurred. The effect of it, he reasons, will be to increase the cost of living, thereby enabling farmers to get fancy prices and the bankers to pocket huge profits. By way of proving that the loan was not "exclusively pro-American," but "distinctly pro-ally," Colonel Harvey makes a comparison. Suppose, says he, when the Venezuela boundary question was in dispute between America and Great Britain, war had resulted, with England then, as now, mistress of the seas, shutting us off from the remainder of the world, as she has shut off Germany. And suppose the Germans had begun not only to furnish England with as much shot and shell as they could manufacture, but to enlarge their plants enormously to provide for our enemy a limitless supply. And when England could not conveniently pay for her huge purchases, suppose the German people had loaned her great sums of money—a half billion to start with—to enable their banker-manufacturers to make excessive profits? Then, with the German government, professedly neutral, tacitly acquiescing, what would have been our feeling toward the German nation and the German people? By fitting the shoe so exactly on the other foot, the Colonel emphasizes his case. He wants the truth to out—but in spite of the fact that England and

France are likely to come again for more help he would not deny them. In fact, he declares that in their mighty struggle for human liberty and human rights they deserve our financial support, but he would have no lies told about it, no stultification of our position. As for being proud of having helped to make of his country a creditor nation, as one of the New York trust companies suggested, the American investor in these bonds will have no occasion for gloating over the fact that he has added to the terrific burden of debt which the war will have placed upon the shoulders of the bereft peasants of poverty-stricken France, whose ancestors gave unsparingly of life and treasure to make America free. Let us sell the bonds, and even subscribe for more, if need be, is the tenor of the editorial dialogue headed "Patriotism and Profits," but tell no lies in the process, urges Editor Harvey.



READING Laurence Sterne's letters from France, I suppose, induced me to search in the Old Book Shop this week for an early copy of his "Sentimental Journey," evoked by his visit across the English channel. It was in the early spring of 1762 that Sterne reached Paris and the edition of his "Journey" which I found bears the date 1768. This was the year of its initial publication, but as the title page of my copy states that it is "a new edition," it is evident that it is not the "first" edition of "A Sentimental Journey," although it purports to be by Mr. "Yorick." Sterne had gone to London from York in 1767 to superintend the issuance of the ninth and last volume of "Tristram Shandy," and his wife and daughter being still abroad, he staid on to write his celebrated "Journey," which first saw the light of print in February 1768. The author was in poor health and within thirty days of the publication of his new book he died in his lodgings in Bond street of consumption. In the absence of friends or relatives, his personal belongings were filched by hirelings and it is stated that his grave was violated by body snatchers. His wife survived him for a few years, but his daughter, of whom he appears to have been very fond, married a Frenchman, and with her husband suffered death by the guillotine under the French Revolution. It was she who printed her father's letters, after his death, exhibiting so little care in the selection that she has been accused of a want of decency toward her father's memory.

That "A Sentimental Journey" is a fancifully colored narrative of Sterne's actual experiences in France and Italy is probably true. But what of it? All the incidents related might have happened to a man of Sterne's temperament and how entertainingly the Sentimental Traveler has presented the pseudo "facts." How deliciously, nay, how adorably he has introduced the incident that accompanied his selection of a chaise in which to travel from Calais to Paris. He rejected the "desobligeant," a one-seated carriage, as unsuited to his mood—he was essentially a "companionable" traveler—so that when he found a comely but rather troubled-looking widow, at least, he so classified her, mentally, also looking for a vehicle in which to journey to Paris, he decided—

"Now, where could be the harm," said I to myself, "if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise? and what mighty mischief could ensue?"

Passes the Sentimental Traveler into a state of rumination as to the possible results of doing a civil thing, but by the time he had come to a determination the object of his cogitations had escaped him. However, he overtook her and was about to press upon her the advantage of accepting a seat in his carriage when the landlord came to say that her brother, the Count de L— had just arrived. The Sentimental Traveler was disappointed. He expressed it in words. With a sweet smile she admitted that she knew he had made up his mind. "A man, my good sir," she added, "has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, but she has a presentiment of it some moments before." Alas, that the Sentimental Traveler missed the opportunity of a tete-a-tete journey with so sensible and charming a companion!

It is complained of Sterne that although overflowing with sentiment on paper, he was devoid of real feeling. One has termed him "a weeper over dead asses" and a discarding of the common ties of humanity," which reminds me that I have a friend who never fails to read, with annual regularity, that little classic "The Dead Ass." The incident is related in "A Sentimental Journey," on the road to Paris. Le Fleur, the valet, who is acting postilion, is thrown from his horse, which shies at a dead ass. The owner is discovered later, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet. He was sitting upon a stone bench at the door of the inn, with the ass' pannel and its bridle on one side. It was the simplicity of his grief that drew attention to the old man and the story of his travels, culminating in the death of the ass, occasioned much concern on the part of his hearers. How the Sentimental Traveler reveled in the telling of this affecting episode! Truly, his art is exquisite, whatever the superficial defect of his work. How naive, yet how consummately intimate is the story

of the ride in her coach with the virtuous and correct Madame de Rambouillet. It is not to be quoted here, for what was perfectly proper in 1768 will hardly be regarded as decorous in 1915. Not that it was improper, far from it; but as the author intimates at the outset of his journey, "they order matters differently in France."

Another of the gems of the "Journey" is the encounter with the starling, which hung in a cage in the courtyard of Sterne's hotel in Paris, lamenting its captivity. "I can't get out!" cried the starling, constantly. This oft-repeated exclamation seems to have reached the traveler's heart. He vows that never had his affections been more tenderly awakened. It ended by Le Fleur buying bird and cage for his master for a bottle of Burgundy. Returning to London Sterne presented the bird to an English lord, who, in turn, gave it to a friend. "From that time to this," adds the Sentimental Traveler, "I have borne this poor starling as the crest to my arms—thus." Then appears a steel engraving of the Sterne coat of arms, with its three crosses in the center of the shield—the author's great grandfather was archbishop of York—and a starling surmounting all. Concludes Sterne: "And let the herald's officers twist his neck about if they dare."

Of course, the piece de resistance of "A Sentimental Journey" is the little affair with the pretty fille de chambre in Paris, which incident Sterne handles with consummate skill. She had been sent by her mistress—the same comely but pensive widow whom the traveler met at Calais and so nearly had for his coach companion to Amiens—to see if he were still in the city. It was a fine evening in late May, when the girl called and both blushed at the thought of being alone. Reflects Sterne: "There is a sort of a pleasing, half guilty blush, where the blood is more in fault than the man—'tis sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it—not to call it back but to make the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves. 'Tis associated—but I'll not describe it. I felt something at first within me which was not in strict unison with the lesson of virtue I had given her the night before. I sought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one. I took up a pen. I laid it down again. My hand trembled. The devil was in me."

With this artistic preliminary—I almost wrote "artful"—he next describes the offer of the fair fille de chambre to help him find the card on which to write a note to her mistress. A fruitless search. "Write it," said she, "upon anything." "I was just going to cry out, 'Then I will write it, fair girl, upon thy lips.' 'If I do,' said I, 'I shall perish.'" So he took her by the hand to lead her from the room, when the tremors again seized him, so that he had to sit down. A stitch had broken loose in the gathers of his stock—the fair fille de chambre took out her hussive, threaded a small needle and sewed it up. "And as she passed her hand in silence across my neck in the manoeuvre, I felt the laurels shake which fancy had wreathed about my head." But I dare not pursue this entrancing description further. Laurence Sterne proved himself a past master in this artless style of narrative.

There is his "Case of Delicacy," a harrowing experience on the road to Savoy, when, detained for the night at a little inn with only one bedroom, he is forced, by courtesy, to share the apartment with a lady and her servant-maid. There were two beds in the room, as Sterne elaborately explains, with a third in a tiny closet or ante-chamber. The difficulties of retiring were accomplished after a two hours' negotiation, assisted by a "few bottles" of Burgundy, and a bill of particulars. The third clause stipulated by the lady that after monsieur retired, and the candle and fire extinguished, he was not to speak one single word the whole night. Granted; provided monsieur's saying his prayers might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty. But whether it was the novelty of the situation, or a mental disturbance, monsieur could not get to sleep and after a long tossing and turning, with nature and patience both wearing out, "O my God!" he exclaimed.

"You have broke the treaty, monsieur," said the lady, who had no more slept than myself. I begged a thousand pardons, but insisted it was no more than an ejaculation." She maintained it was an entire infraction of the articles of agreement and would not give up her point, "though," artfully interjects the author, "she weakened her barrier by it"—meaning her pinned in bedcurtains. "For in the warmth of the dispute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground."

"Upon my word and honor, madame," said I, stretching my arm out of bed by way of asseveration. I was going to have added, that I would not have trespassed against the remotest idea of decorum for the world."

But the fille de chambre, hearing the words passing, and fearing that hostilities would ensue, had crept silently out of the closet, and it being totally dark, had stolen so close to the beds that she was exactly in line between her mistress and monsieur, so that when he stretched out his hand he caught hold of—but, really, I shall have to defer to Sterne. My regard for the Misses Boffins impels me to desist from further citations. What a philanderer was this Sentimental Traveler! He never seems to transgress the bounds of morality, but how he stimulates and teases the imagination! I must regain my accustomed poise by reaching down a copy of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" for antidotal reading.

[Postscript. In last week's "Browsings" I inadvertently referred to Mme. de Sevigne and Mlle. de Rabutin Chantal as if they were two persons. That, of course, was error. Madame de Sevigne was Mlle. de Rabutin Chantal before her marriage, as an alert correspondent points out. I thank her for this correction, and I dare affirm that so close a reader could be none other than Miss K—, whose cultured mind is an inspiration to all who come in contact with it.—THE BROWSER.]

"Names is names," remarks the Herald funnyman and adds "Jack Cass lives at Dayton, O." What with Wright aeroplanes, National cash registers and a city manager Dayton has enough troubles. Why pick on the Ohio city. Los Angeles, itself, has a Jack Haas.

SCOTT NEARING IDEA AT CLOSE RANGE

By Randolph Bartlett

"LET the world beware," Emerson once said in effect, "when God turns loose a thinker upon it." Yet it often appears that a great thought is released upon the world through a man who could hardly be regarded as a thinker. When the time is ripe for an idea to be born, the course of nature seems to defy individuals, though as a general rule the principle seems to work that there is always a man for the hour. Many persons who, until recently, did not know specifically that there was such an institution as the University of Pennsylvania, have heard of it frequently of late, for the seemingly unimportant reason that its governing body saw fit to dismiss the assistant professor of sociology, Scott Nearing. It is getting to be quite a perilous matter to fire a teacher. It is not so many years ago that the fair city of Pasadena was almost precipitated into civil war because the school board discharged the principal of the high school. It was not so many years before that, that Stanford University experienced a considerable flurry of excitement because a professor expressed views which were at variance with those of the authorities, and was sent on his way. But Professor Nearing has topped all the other dismissed teachers in national publicity; his case has been put into a book. So when it was announced that this notable man was to speak at Rabbi Wise's Free Synagogue one Sunday morning, I took my brain out of the moth-balls and went to hear him.

Here I would interpellate an observation made by Simeon Strunsky ("S. S." in the New York Evening Post) to the effect that sociology is not a science but a religion. He draws attention to the fact that it is not based upon universally accepted facts, such as must form the basis of study in a science. The first point in sociology is simply the establishment of an attitude. Once this is adopted it is a simple matter to adduce facts which will conform to the theory which, as a foregone conclusion, the possessor of the attitude in question desires to establish. Therefore, Mr. Strunsky points out, they do not teach sociology, they preach it. Every professor in this branch of learning, has adopted a certain attitude, and that attitude becomes his social religion. With this as his credo, he preaches, expounds, prophesies. In the same manner that all Christian religions are based upon the New Testament, all sociologists rely upon history, current and ancient, to support their views. It is all interpretation, not experiment; religion, not science.

Professor Nearing is a preacher. He has the oval face of the idealist, the zealot. He is a young man, and intensely interested in his ideas. But brilliant, he is not. He is hardly clever. In fact, he is barely interesting. It is doubtful if the big audience in Carnegie Hall would have listened so patiently to his speech on "Public Opinion" had it not been known that this was the man who told the rulers of the University of Pennsylvania to go to Halifax with their little school, he would not shut up. Now this was no small thing to do. It might easily have brought to an end Professor Nearing's career as a teacher—or preacher. That is to say, doubtless many teachers of much higher intelligence than Professor Nearing have been permanently injured through incurring the displeasure of their employers. But in this instance there was the vital difference, that behind Professor Nearing stood a great idea, and, what was still more important, the time was ripe for the dissemination of that idea, which was this: Freedom of speech in the halls of learning of this republic.

The public has begun to learn that freedom of speech to the great majority of the newspapers means nothing but license to misrepresent. The Republican press lies about the Democrats and the Democratic press lies about the Republicans, while Hearst and the Socialists do not discriminate. A few magazines and reviews make a good showing of independence, but in the last analysis it is to the schools that the world must look for the development of minds capable of analyzing and rejecting the great mass of buncombe foisted upon the public these days. For example, in the recent campaign over the new constitution for New York state, I saw in a single block two wagons bearing huge signs, one appealing to the voters to reject the proposed constitution on the ground that it was favored by Tammany, and the other demanding their support for the reason that Tammany opposed it. I happen to be rather well acquainted with one of these demoniac individuals affiliated with the Tammany organization—in fact quite high in its councils. I asked him what were the facts. "The truth is," he said, "we are working for the election of our candidates, and don't give a hang about the constitution." "In other words," I said, "you go on the principle that you care not what the laws may be, if they will just let you enforce them." "That's the idea," he said. "We are not going to gum up a political situation that looks perfect for victory, by getting our people all fussed up over suffrage, constitution, and so on." Yet Tammany is dragged out upon any and all occasions by the silly politicians, in an endeavor to stampede voters to support candidates who have no other claim to distinction than that they were not nominated by Tammany. But to return to Professor Nearing, and quote a few of his remarks:

"Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon, made their wars, and were proud of it. They boasted of their military achievements. No one is boasting about having made the present war. Each nation is trying to put the blame upon another nation. They all defer to public sentiment—public opinion."

"Public opinion is made up of the consensus of private opinion. There is the public opinion of the home, of the street, and so on. The gunmen live in a society as highly organized as ours. Men who violate the code of the underworld are punished even more rigorously than those who violate the code in our world. Public opinion in their world has a direct influence upon private affairs."

"There is the public opinion of the neighborhood:

Women are in deadly terror of neighborhood public opinion, and spend a great deal of their time in shopping and dressing to keep up with that opinion, or ahead of it. Without this they cannot live in their own circles, without being regarded as queer. This is public opinion acting upon the individual."

Professor Nearing cited various other examples of public opinion influencing the individual in minor matters, but as in those quoted it did not appear that he was talking about public opinion in the broad, national sense, but simply of group opinion, which bears the same relation to the general subject as colloquialism does to language. He then branched out into a wider field, and showed that public opinion fails to enforce in specific cases principles which are generally regarded as fundamental.

"Taxation without representation is tyranny. Yet a group of ten powerful railways have acquired control of the anthracite coal fields. Since 1893 there has been an increase of the dividend rates of these roads of 220 per cent. In a ton of coal for which you pay \$7, there is about \$2 worth of labor and legitimate transportation charges and a large element of monopolistic profit. We are paying a tax to a man who is in a position where he can levy it. The anthracite coal monopoly is taxing you without representation."

"What is the driving force of public opinion? Industrial interests will never in any large sense establish decent living conditions for their employees. It must be done by the mass of the people of the community focusing public opinion on this question. Focusing it from where? From the great majority of the citizenship, who think more honestly, soundly and thoroughly than any group. And there is only one institution the people own—the public school. With virile teachers (no third sex) we can keep our public schools efficient, serving the community, and thus have the means of shaping a sound public opinion; and if we cannot do that I believe our democracy is bound to fail. The school is the only public institution for the formation of public opinion. You cannot depend upon private organization, and you must get it to the whole people. If you send your children to a private school, you are weakening the public opinion of the future just to that extent and working against the best interests of democracy, and militating against the efficiency of our most important institution."

These are merely a few of the remarks of Professor Nearing, possibly not even his most important ones, but at least those which seemed most interesting at the time. Now it is easy to see from what basis Professor Nearing preaches. The tone of his remarks is unmistakable, and his method is that of all sociologists. Instead of taking a subject and tracing the facts down to the logical conclusion, then forming his theory, he starts from the other end. Take his anthracite coal illustration, for example. He begins with the theory that no person is entitled to more than a certain percentage of profit on any given operation. Yet an equally conscientious preacher might start from the assumption that the only fair regulation of the selling price of an article is its value to the purchaser, and not its cost to the producer. It is of no interest to Professor Nearing whether the ton of coal will do \$7 worth of work to the buyer, or \$700 worth; all he sees is that various individuals received in the transaction more money than he believes their services are worth.

Now as to which of these two viewpoints is the sound one, far be it from me to venture, but I amused myself on the way home from the lecture, trying to decide what Professor Nearing would suggest in my case. One afternoon recently I felt in a creative mood, and in about four hours turned out a piece of work for which, a week later, I received \$40. On the eight-hour day and six-day week basis, this was at the rate of \$480 a week, which is rather high wages. Yet I was in a monopolistic position as regards that particular thing. The magazine which purchased it would far rather have paid only \$5 for it, but they knew that I knew that it was worth more to them—in short, that it would do \$40 worth of work. (As a matter of fact I should have had at least \$100 for it, but that is neither here nor there.) So the magazine was a victim of taxation without representation, according to the Nearing mode of thought. At least so it seems to me.

Yet, whether or not one agreed with his views, or approved his method of argument, there always came back the feeling, "Here is a man who has given expression to a real idea." He may not be so big as this idea, but how many men are as big as the biggest things they do? The cynic may say that he only did it for the notoriety, the advertising. But it is not the best of advertising for a college professor to come to death grips with the trustees, as boards of trustees elsewhere, no matter how deeply they may admire the man's qualities, seldom care to take chances with a teacher who has displayed an inflexible will. And so it has turned out, for Nearing has had to accept a position with the comparatively obscure City College of Toledo. But, meanwhile, he has struck a blow for freedom of speech in the university, so telling that it will be a long while before another college will court the same undesirable publicity which Pennsylvania has received through this incident.

* * *

The one great, enduring, persistent theatrical success in New York, the envy of all other managers, is "Chin Chin," in which Montgomery and Stone are appearing at the Globe. This musical affair is now in its second year, which has prompted the advertising man to this gem: "Last few years of Montgomery and Stone in 'Chin Chin.'"

* * *

Speaking of the Tammany bugaboo, here was a delicious transparency displayed in the interests of Perkins, the Republican candidate for district attorney: "Tammany and the Underworld are Moving Heaven and Earth to Defeat Perkins." Just what cosmic power is employed in order to give the underworld the power to move heaven to its own ends is not explained. I

thought I had encountered stupidity in election arguments in Progressive California, and bond-bound Los Angeles in particular, but it was not one-two-three with the New York brand. Yet this is the state that sways presidential nominations. The only intelligence manifested in the recent campaign here, was by the women who were working for suffrage. And see what happened!

* * *

I believe there is no class of people in the world so generally dishonest as the small New York retailer. His idea seems to be, "Cheat the customer, because the other merchant is doing it, and as soon as the customers find out, you will get your competitor's customer and he will get yours, and you can still go on cheating." In the little stores up and down Amsterdam and Columbus avenues I have noticed this attitude. There is never the slightest attempt at such a thing as encouraging regular patronage. They do not seem to want regular customers, as these would come to know their tricks too well. And the pure food law is a joke. Of course, there are exceptions, and the funny thing is that the dishonest merchants do not seem to have the brains, or even the common faculty of observation, to see that these exceptions are highly profitable institutions.

New York, November 8, 1915.

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

It has been frequently predicted that San Francisco will have been the scene of the last of the great expositions for many years, and the economic value of "world's fairs" has been seriously questioned. The Panama-Pacific Exposition, however, has broken many precedents and is upsetting many theories. The popular impression is that the main value to the exhibitor is on account of advertising. It is surprising to discover the enormous amount of direct business transacted at the present exposition. There are 500 exhibitors and concessionaires in the exhibition palaces, and up to October 24 about 180 of these, who pay the exposition a percentage on their gross receipts, had taken in considerably more than \$6,000,000. And these percentage concessions include none of the big commercial exhibitors. Officials estimate that exhibitors had done at least \$30,000,000 worth of business at the end of last month.

* * *

From the Palace of Fine Arts the sale of paintings amounts already to \$135,000, and Director Trask estimates that the figure of \$200,000 will be reached before the exposition closes. The total sale of art works at the St. Louis Exposition was only \$67,000. The exhibits of Italian marble statuary in the Varied Industries Palace, the Italian Pavilion and the Palace of Manufactures have netted a fortune for the manufacturer. It is estimated that Frilli has taken orders for half a million dollars' worth of statuary. Exhibitors of jewelry, silver goods, porcelain and chinaware also report sales running into hundreds of thousands of dollars.

* * *

Lotta's Fountain was the scene of a remarkable demonstration Saturday evening to greet its donor, Lotta Crabtree, the famous little actress of a bygone generation who is revisiting the scenes of her triumphs of nearly half a century ago. It was a picturesque welcome, Lotta arriving in a victoria drawn by four white horses and driven by "Jimmie" Devine, her coachman when she was the toast of the town. Carolina White, supported by the Exposition chorus, sang "Home, Sweet Home," and there were pretty girls in the costumes of the early '60's on the platform where brief speeches of welcome were made. Tuesday Lotta had a day of her own at the Exposition.

* * *

Mayor Rolph's veto of the proposed Hetch Hetchy water bonds issue meets the approval of the business sense of the community. The supervisors' resolution provided for the sale of the entire \$43,875,000 issue within the next five years. Mayor Rolph's objections are that the city engineer will not need more than \$15,000,000 in the next four years for all that can be done to build the Hetch Hetchy system; that the immediate sale of the bonds would be bad business policy, because the city would be paying heavy interest on millions of dollars which it would be unable to use, and that such a course would increase the tax rate to 21½ cents in 1916 and to 43.1 cents in 1920. He recommends an issue of \$2,000,000 of bonds for the building of a railroad into Hetch Hetchy valley, and that further sale of bonds be postponed until the money is needed, also that immediate action be taken to have the State Railroad Commission place a valuation upon the Spring Valley properties so that the question of purchase may again be submitted to the people.

* * *

With the death of Thomas H. Williams there passes the figure of the man who for twenty years dominated horse racing in California and who had a strenuous fight against its abolition. For years he was also heavily interested in theatrical affairs and promoted the Alice Neilsen Opera Company which was very successful both in this country and England. "Tom" Williams was an autocrat on the turf and made many bitter enemies, but he was a man of strong individuality. His closest friend was Guy B. Barham of Los Angeles, who arrived here the day of Williams' death.

* * *

As an aftermath of the suffragists' defeats in the East there has been a ladylike passage of arms between Mrs. Charles Bonfils, "Annie Laurie" of the Examiner, and Mrs. Frona E. W. Colburn. The latter had commented on the personal appearance of prominent suffragists, maintaining that "an observer will have no difficulty in recognizing suffrage-workers. They are distinguished by hard, set lines of face, an aggressive, dictatorial manner and a visibly worn and haggard expression generally." This depreciation aroused Annie Laurie's indignation and satire. To which Mrs. Colburn responds, "I had in mind the gangsters who came up from Los Angeles to pack the convention of the Cali-

fornia Federation of Women's Clubs in this city last May. I sat at the press table and looked over a sea of hard, set faces, while the chairman of the constitution of the C. F. W. C. was baited and badgered by the woman politicians who wanted to turn the federation into a political machine. The tactics used were the rawest and rankest politics that I have ever seen. The result brought the withdrawal of the Ebell Club of Los Angeles from the federation. This club has 1500 members and is the mother of the federation." Mrs. Colburn predicts a stormy time at the federation's next gathering at Monterey next May. Some of those Los Angeles faces are likely to be "harder set" than ever, if Mrs. Colburn should put in an appearance.

* * *

Saturday was a bad day for the tennis champions in the Pacific Coast Tournament at the California Club, William Johnston, Clarence Griffin and Miss Mollie Bjurstedt going down to unexpected defeat. Nor were the players who defeated the champions finally successful. Van Dyke Johns, the young Stanford player who defeated Johnson in five hard sets, subsequently fell a victim to Herbert Hahn, his college mate. Miss Anita Meyer, after losing a first love-set to Miss Bjurstedt, outplayed the champion at 6-4, 6-4, but the following day succumbed to Mrs. Hazel Hotchkiss Weightman.

San Francisco, November 10.

R. H. C.

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND HIS DICTIONARY

SPEAKING of Becky Sharp, and her contemptuous treatment of Miss Jemima's gift of a Johnson's Dictionary, we recall how Goldsmith, in his amusing reverie, saw ejected from the Fame Machine the parcel of folios which the very grave personage who had litted them into the seat esteemed something valuable to pay for coach hire, but which the inquisitorial coachman rejected with scorn, declaring that he had driven his coach to the Temple of Fame, man and boy, these two thousand years, and did not remember to have carried but one dictionary in the whole time. It must have been the Johnson, then, and no other. "The publication of Johnson's Dictionary," says Trench, "was undoubtedly the great event in the history of English lexicography. Never before that time had its principles been so clearly grasped and so distinctly laid down." Of the doctor's plan and his "noble preface," Trench says that "he was vanquished only by the grandeur of his own conception." As it is a good guess that the number of Americans who have read that "noble preface" is not greater than the total of the reserve of the United States army, I will venture to give a few paragraphs:

"It is the fate of those who toil at the lower employments of life, to be rather driven by the fear of evil, than attracted by the prospect of good; to be exposed to censure, without hope of praise, to be disgraced by miscarriage, or punished for neglect, where success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward:

"Among those unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries; whom mankind have [has] considered, not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths of learning and genius, who press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress. Every other author may aspire to praise; the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative recompense has yet been granted to very few."

* * *

Stateliness of language scarcely equaled by anything but the prayer-book. Johnson was no ordinary compiler, no mere collector of words. He was an author. His task, as he understood it, and as it was given to him, was to codify the laws of the English language, to pass judgment, ex cathedra, upon the words of our speech, endorsing these as genuine, and stamping those as counterfeit. An impossible task, as now admitted, but no man in the eighteenth century was better fitted for the part of a literary Hercules than Samuel Johnson:

"When I took the first survey of my undertaking, I found our speech copious without order, and energetic without rules; wherever I turned my view, there was perplexity to be disentangled, and confusion to be regulated; choice was to be made out of boundless variety, without any established principle of selection; adulterations were to be detected, without a settled test of purity; and modes of expression to be rejected or received, without the suffrages of any writers of classical reputation or acknowledged authority."

He pleaded with "those whose thoughts have been, perhaps, employed too anxiously on verbal singularities," not to disturb the orthography of their fathers, and insisted on steadiness and uniformity. "I am not yet so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven." There is a phrase that orators should paste in their hats. He continues: "Language is only the instrument of science, and words are but the signs of ideas: I wish, however, that the instrument might be less apt to decay, and that signs might be permanent, like the things they denote." The modern reader often wishes there were a Johnson today, to say to the coiners of light words: "Thus far, and no further!" But Johnson was no standpatter, no hide-bound protectionist in language. He could see the signs of change as well as anyone on the street, or down by the London docks:

"The language most likely to continue long without alteration, would be that of the nation raised a little, and but a little, above barbarity, excluded from strangers, and totally employed in procuring the conveniences of life; either without books, or, like some of the Mediterranean countries, with very few; men thus busied and unlearned, having only such words as common use requires, would, perhaps, long continue to express the same notions by the same signs. But no such constancy can be expected in a people polished by arts, and classed by subordination, where one part of the community is sustained and accommodated by the labour of the other. Those who have much leisure to think, will always be

enlarging the stock of ideas, and their increase of knowledge, whether real or fancied, will produce new words."

Ah, gentle reader of picture-covered best sellers, think not that the digging of etymological roots is without romance! Attend thine eye to this:

"When first I engaged in this work, I resolved to leave neither words nor things unexamined, and pleased myself with the prospect of the hours which I should revel away in feasts of literature, the obscure recesses of northern learning which I should enter and ransack, the treasures with which I expected every search into those neglected mines to reward my labour, and the triumph with which I should display my treasures to mankind. When I had thus enquired into the original of words, I resolved to show likewise my attention to things; to pierce deep into every sign, to enquire the nature of every substance of which I inserted the name, to limit every idea by a definition strictly logical, and exhibit every production of art or nature in an accurate description, that my book might be in place of all other dictionaries whether appellative or technical."

No wonder he was "vanquished by the grandeur of his own conception." But he quickly saw that the language of a growing people is too strong a force for the mind of one man, however learned, to control, and with the honesty that made him bluntly confess to the woman who asked him how he came to define "pastern" as the knee of a horse, that it was "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance," he declares:

"But these were the dreams of a poet doomed at last to wake a lexicographer. I soon found that it was too late to look up instruments, when the work calls for execution, and that whatever abilities I had brought to my task, with those I must finally perform it. To deliberate whenever I doubted, to enquire whenever I was ignorant, would have protracted the undertaking without end, and, perhaps, without much improvement; for I did not find by my first experiments, that what I had not of my own was easily to be obtained; I saw that one enquiry only gave occasion for another, that book referred to book, that to search was not always to be informed; and that thus to pursue perfection, was, like the first inhabitants of Arcadia, to chase the sun, which, when they had reached the hill where he seemed to rest, was still beheld at the same distance from them."

* * *

Did anyone say that Dr. Johnson lacked humility? Confident in his learning, and yet recognizing his limitations, he was often overbearing in conversation, and impatient of correction. But when Boswell complained to him that he had humiliated him before company, he confessed his error and offered "to make it up in fifty times, in any way you like." But to get back to the Dictionary (and I beg the proof-reader to allow the word the distinction of the capital letter). There were dictionaries, or rather glossaries, before Johnson's great work, and the English Dictionary of which the late Sir James Murray was the eminent editor, was as much more complete and thorough than Johnson's, as his was to all that had preceded, but as the pyramids of Egypt have been exceeded in height and in magnificence by later structures, they still remain, in their ruins, the most impressive examples of man's handiwork. And so we look back upon Johnson's Dictionary as the pyramid that marks the grandeur of the English language, and Samuel Johnson as the Cheops of English letters. It is the polished stone taken from that great monument that has gone to enrich many of the most elaborate temples of English erected in our later days.

The year of the announcement of the plan of the Dictionary, 1747, "is distinguished as an epoch," says Boswell, "the epoch when the arduous and important work was announced to the world." The ordinary historian, glancing at the year 1747, ignores the foundation of the great monument of the English language, and tells us of the naval victories of Anson and Hawke, now forgotten. The industrious Boswell tells us that Dr. Adams found him one day busy at his Dictionary (a work in which he was practically alone), and asked him how he was to get his etymologies. The Doctor pointed to his five-foot shelf of authorities, and spoke of a Welch gentleman who had just published a collection of Welch proverbs. Dr. Adams expressed a doubt regarding Johnson's ability to complete his task in three years, and instanced the French Academy, which consisted of forty members, and yet took forty years to compile their Dictionary. Upon which Johnson reduced pluck, patriotism and the pursuit of patronymies to the rule of three: "Let us see; forty times forty is sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman." That wouldn't go now, but it went then, all right. "With so much ease and pleasantry," continues his biographer, "could he talk of that prodigious labour he had undertaken to execute."

* * *

In those days the dictionary maker must be safe and sane, or what Dickens derided as "Podsnappery." There must be nothing to bring a blush to the cheek of innocence. "It is remarkable," says Boswell, "that he was so attentive in the choice of passages in which words were authorized, that one may read page after page of his Dictionary with improvement and pleasure; and it should not pass unobserved that he has quoted no author whose writings had a tendency to hurt sound religion and morality." But however we may smile at the smug critics and too-careful censors, we must reverence the sincere piety of the man who prayed to his God for support in his labors to the time when he should render up at the last day an account of the talent committed to him. In the beginning of 1775 he wrote: "I now begin to see land, after having wandered, according to Mr. Warburton's phrase, in this vast sea of words. What reception I shall meet with on the shore, I know not. * * * I hope, however, I hope the critics will let me be at peace, for though I do not much fear their skill and strength, I am a little afraid of myself, and would not willingly feel so much ill will in my bosom as literary quarrels are apt to excite."

Johnson argued for preparedness in language as well as in arms. The Earl of Marchmont was arguing for a pronouncing dictionary, on Sheridan's plan, the correct

pronunciation of shibboleth, then as sixteen hundred years earlier, distinguishing the Ephraimites from the Gileadites. Said Johnson: "Why, sir, consider how much easier it is to learn language by the ear than by any marks. Sheridan's dictionary may be very well, but you cannot carry it about with you: and when you want a word you have not the dictionary. It is like a man who has a sword that will not draw. It is an admirable sword, to be sure; but while your enemy is cutting your throat, you are unable to use it. Besides, sir, what entitles Sheridan to fix the pronunciation of English?" An admirable idea. It was the Earl of Marchmont, by the way, who noted that Johnson was the first to put "Whig" and "Tory" into a dictionary. One had to look out for politics in those days, as well as national susceptibilities, in words. The Scotch were peeved at his definition of "oats." "And what do you think of his definition of 'excise'?" asked Marchmont. "Do you know the history of his aversion to the word 'transpire'? 'to escape from secrecy to notice; a sense lately innovated from France, without necessity.' The truth was that Lord Bolinbroke, who left the Jacobites, first used it,—therefore it was condemned." And so partizanship can be hidden in a word, as well as shown in the wearing of a rose or the squeezing of an orange.

* * *

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,—you remember what Wendell Holmes said: "Georgius Secundus was then alive—" et cetera. Several things happened, not only the affair of Lisbon town, and not only Braddock's arm was done so brown, but my Lord Chesterfield, left without a scalp to his literary crown, so to speak. Dr. Johnson got his scalp. It is old stuff, perhaps, the Chesterfield letter, but so, for the matter of that, is the Dictionary. "When the Dictionary was about to be published," as Boswell relates, "Lord Chesterfield, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted in a courtly manner, to soothe and insinuate himself with the sage, conscious, at it should seem, of the old indifference with which he had treated its learned author." He spoke of the doctor in terms of exaggerated praise and adulation, said that he would surrender all his privileges in the English language and pay homage to the author of the Dictionary of the English Language as his dictator and pope. The sage wrote the noble patron of literature a letter, "expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him." It was not without difficulty that Boswell induced the doctor to let him have a copy of the letter, twenty-six years after it was written. It is now in the British Museum. It reads:

"My Lord: I have lately been informed, by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the most of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—and that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the whole world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither my pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little. Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, found him a native of the rocks. Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has at last reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligation where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less, for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord. Your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

* * *

This letter, says Thomas Seccomb, in his "Age of Johnson," is not animated by a tone of indignant moral reproof (like Benke's "Letter to a Noble Lord," or Hazlitt's to Gifford, or Cowper's "Valediction"), but as a polite and overwhelming snub administered by a poor scholar to a great noble it has never been approached, and it marks a new era in the story of literary self-help. It is Literature's Declaration of Independence.

We will take leave of the doctor with a glimpse of his more pleasing and human side, for, literary lion as he was, he was intensely human. John Gilbert Cooper related that, soon after the publication of his Dictionary, Garrick, being asked by Johnson what people said of it, told him, among other animadversions, it was objected that he cited authorities which were beneath the dignity of such a work, and mentioned Richardson. "Nay," said Johnson. "I have done worse than that, I have cited thee, David." JOHN T. BRAMHALL
Chicago, November 8, 1915.



Britishers After Harry Carr

Whew! but Harry Carr is catching it. Yet what could Harry expect in view of the freedom of expression he has allowed himself in his comments on the British race. There has been a remarkably torrid tone about those letters of criticism from readers which I am glad to see the Times has had the good grace to print. I fear that Harry, in reaching his conclusions, has not taken into consideration the strain under which every public official in Europe must be laboring, following a year of anxiety over the greatest conflict of history, or he would not be so prone to attribute to a nation which is fighting for its life the same attitude, perhaps, assumed by a curt subordinate official. To insinuate that the British Empire would have taken his watch had it been new is, of course, piffle and, doubtless, Harry intended it to be considered mere airy persiflage, but it was expecting too much of human nature to think that Englishmen would let it pass unchallenged. I hear many expressions of regret that Harry should have been so precipitate in his judgments, considering the brief time he was abroad. But regard his opinions as one may, there is no denying that Harry Carr has written many entertaining letters since he left Los Angeles to get a personal taste of the war.

Lady Gregory Meets a Kindred Spirit

Whatever is best in California folk-lore was embodied by John Steven McGroarty in the "Mission Play" and it was quite fitting that Lady Augusta Gregory should have seen this western pageant, as she did Friday afternoon when, I understand, she was delighted with the novel dramatic exposition of California which it offers. Lady Gregory was the first person to give an impetus to the use of folk-lore on the Irish stage and it is notable that both she and John McGroarty are of the Celtic race. I hear the Mission Play author has been working on another pageant-drama which is to embody the romance of pagan Ireland and that he conferred with Lady Gregory over its possibilities.

Midwick's New Glee Club

How the activities of Midwick Country Club do multiply! No want but is anticipated! There are occasions when nothing will add to the gaiety of an informal club gathering like a lively song and quietly, without forethought, there has come into existence at Midwick an unofficial organization that is now known as the "Glee Club" and which, I will wager, is the most distinguished musical organization, considering its members apart from their vocal entanglements, to be found in the west. This array of talent includes, I am told, Don O'Melveny, Ed Groenendyke, Lloyd Macy, Rufus J. Spalding, John B. Miller and Hugh Stewart. How well that list looks, either in Musical America or in Bradstreets!

Sauerwein's Paintings at Auction

Five years after the death of that lamented painter of the colorful west, Frank P. Sauerwein, his paintings are to be put up for sale at auction, I hear, to pay the inheritance tax to settle his estate. Frank Sauerwein was one of the most unusual artists the west ever inspired and that he was a conscientious one was shown when he destroyed all the paintings he had made previous to 1900, determined that he would be remembered only by his best work. Frederick L. Gay, who is Sauerwein's executor, will have the paintings auctioned off at the Kanst gallery Monday morning. I trust they will bring the prices their merits deserve.

Proximo Club's Advance List

Profit and pleasure seems to be the motto of the Proximo Club, to judge from the interesting programs which its president, William A. Spalding, announces for meetings in the near future. Last night Judge William A. Cheney talked on Materlinck's "The Unknown Guest" and an idea of the diversity of the club's interests may be gathered from the announcement that President Millspaugh will tell of the Normal School at the club luncheon at the Westminster next Friday. Other events of the near future will be a discussion of schools by County Superintendent Mark Keppel December 3, and an address by President Paul Shoup of the Pacific Electric December 10 on "Big Problems of Transportation for Los Angeles County and Southern California." Mr. Shoup is the one man in this section who can do that subject justice and his remarks should draw the whole club membership.

Continued San Diego Fair Assured

Although at this writing all the guarantee fund asked of Los Angeles for the continuing of the San Diego fair in 1916 has not been secured, the deficit is so small that it is practically assured the amount will be forthcoming and the beautiful exposition city on the hills of San Diego will continue to delight California visitors for another year. I congratulate President Bulla of the Chamber of Commerce and his able associates on the remarkable success that has attended them in their efforts to raise \$150,000 for this laudable purpose. The feat was no easy one, all things considered. Sylvester Weaver, chairman of the ways and means committee of the Chamber of Commerce, has a plan of reaching all the concerns of means in Los Angeles which have

not already contributed and it is likely that shortly after this issue of The Graphic reaches its readers the fund will be completely subscribed. Los Angeles is to have five members on the reorganized board of directors of the fair and I understand that to enable Los Angeles county to have a direct check on the \$35,000 which it subscribed Chairman Pridham of the board of supervisors will be named as one of these five. At this writing the other selections have yet to be made but that the Chamber will recognize the work of its president by naming him as one of the remaining four is a logical conclusion.

How Not to Do It

"Coronation of Jap Ruler is Simple, August," read an Examiner headline which I submit as the acme of what not to say. The one piece of American and English poor taste which the Japanese particularly abhor is being referred to as "Japs" and to apply this to their Mikado is especially distasteful. Besides, the Emperor is not crowned, so coronation is a misnomer. The construction of the headline would indicate that the Examiner has imported a copyreader from the Tribune since the sloppy style of filling out by the use of two adjectives separated by a comma has long been popular on the Earl sheet.

Graffs to Go East for Long Stay

There will be a familiar and welcome face missing at the meetings of the Sunset Club this winter, for Judge M. L. Graff and his accomplished wife are to leave next week for the east, where they will remain for a number of months, possibly for a year. The judge has a number of important cases to attend to in the east and Mrs. Graff will pursue her musical studies in New York while he is devoting himself to his legal duties.

Author White Under Fire

San Francisco does not like the picture of Vigilante doings which Stewart Edward White has drawn in his latest story, "The Gray Dawn," recently completed in a weekly periodical and which is now out in book form. Our old friend "The Knave" calls the story "just a recital of incidents. It is fair to say the historic color is good." On the other hand, T. F. Bonnet of Town Topics says the author's "history is not above criticism, his estimates of historical characters are often faulty. The closing chapters of the story are a hodge-podge of shrieking melodrama, improbability, incoherence and bad writing." Bonnet relates that as he stood before the picture of the Santa Barbara novelist painted by our own Rob Wagner and which hangs in the Palace of Fine Arts at the exposition he overheard one person say, "That's White. Looks very swagger in his riding togs, doesn't he?" to which the reply was "Yes, but he came an awful cropper in 'The Gray Dawn.'" It seems to me that to San Francisco was given an opportunity of living through a period of real melo-drama that is granted to but few cities and that writers describing, even inadvertently, those gorgeous days should be acclaimed instead of scolded.

Memorial to Albert G. Spalding

What a fine collection of tributes to the memory of a worthy man is that which has been assembled and published in the memorial edition of the "Spalding Store News!" How great was the hold of Albert G. Spalding upon the affections of the American people is shown by the editorial utterances of many of the leading papers of the country which have been republished in the pamphlet. I was delighted to see reproduced a picture of the baseball player taken in 1879, the year when I first made his acquaintance. He was indeed a handsome man, in addition to being one of unusual abilities and great personal magnetism. He was from Rockford on the Rock River; I from Oregon, twenty miles below the Winnebago county seat in northern Illinois.

No Public Office in His

Jackson A. Graves advises me that I did not understand him aright last week when I thought he side-stepped my inquiry as to whether or not he was a candidate for United States senator from California and I hasten to set the esteemed banker right. He is emphatic in his statement of his position, which is: "I have never sought this, nor any other office. I am not now, never have been and never will be a candidate for United States senator." This would seem to indicate that there is one less Republican candidate in the field than the wise ones thought. From the viewpoint of members of that party this is to be regretted, for Jackson A. Graves is distinctly of senatorial caliber.

Come Through, Bobby

Occasionally, it is necessary to go far afield to obtain local news. I learn from a New York paper that "the dramatic rights of Nina Wilcox Putnam's 'The Impossible Boy' have been bought by Mr. Morosco, who will have the book made into a starring vehicle for Peggy O'Neil. The play will be presented in Los Angeles in November." November is well on its way. Why this secrecy on the part of Bobby Yost, who puts things in the paper for Oliver Morosco? Is it possible that our New York contemporary meant November, 1916?

Ripley's Advice to Youth

In Chicago two weeks ago the dean of American railway men, President E. P. Ripley of the Santa Fe system, celebrated his seventieth birthday at a gathering attended by most of the leading officials of his road as well as by many of their competitors. At about the same time President Ripley granted a newspaper interview, really a notable thing for him to do since he is easy for newspaper men to approach but hard to persuade to talk. I have been interested in the successful transportation man's idea of how he reached his commanding position. "Work, hard work, and making your employer's interests your own." There, in a nut shell, is the business gospel of E. P. Ripley, who believes, and rightly, that the opportunities for the young man of today are as great as when he himself started out carry-

ing bundles for a drygoods firm in Boston, shortly after the war. Ripley was made president of the Santa Fe system in 1896, when it was in the hands of a receiver. Today, it is the model for many of the other roads of the country. No wonder railroad officials were delighted to honor the man who accomplished that commercial miracle. His advice the youth of the land would do well to heed.

Banana Pie as Brain Food

One of Bruce Bliven's student reporters on the college paper at the University of Southern California has been conducting a "muck-raking" probe into the diet of his fellows and has discovered that banana pie is regarded as a brain food at the institution. More of this particular delicacy is consumed at the college cafeteria, this reporter learned, than any other article of pastry. Spaghetti is likewise popular, the investigator reports. I understand that the college cafeteria is maintained by the university to furnish food to the undergraduates practically at cost and is patronized by most of them for their luncheons, at which time one person is fed every five seconds. The cafeteria helpers are students who are working their way through college.

Arthur Kinney's Notable Display

That was a notable display of the manufacturing resources of Los Angeles which was gathered at the Chamber of Commerce this week by Arthur W. Kinney, commissioner of the industrial bureau of that organization, and one likely to be an eyeopener to many people who have lived here so long they have lost track of the commercial growth of the city. Everything from auto wheels to orange marmalade was put on exhibition, the large room adjoining Mr. Kinney's office and practically all the chamber's spacious balcony being required for the displays. Attendants from each exhibiting concern were present to explain the merits of their particular product. So great was the interest in the "New Industries Exhibition" as it was called, that the original dates of display were extended several days to gratify the thousands who procrastinated in visiting it.

News From Home

Doubtless, there are thousands of persons in Los Angeles who eagerly scan their old home papers every week, or mayhap every day, for bits of news of old friends. I wonder how many of them are as well rewarded in finding diversion as was Judge Leon Moss this week when he discovered the following interesting and important information on the front page of the paper published in his old home town in Illinois:

"The Drs. Welch removed a bad ingrowing toe nail for Miss Gladys Noel Saturday morning."

Will Anderson's Latest

Will H. Anderson has been doing the exposition at San Francisco this week and whatever benefits he may have derived from that gorgeous show, at least, he has learned a new word on his northern visit. Will is kind enough to pass on to me this addition to his vocabulary. It is from the Call, contained in a dispatch describing the defeat of the U. S. C. football team by Oregon last Monday. The writer—I agree with Will's opinion that he was probably a cub—relates that the northerners "battered the Southern line unmercifully." That must have been a terrible attack, if it was as bad as it sounds.

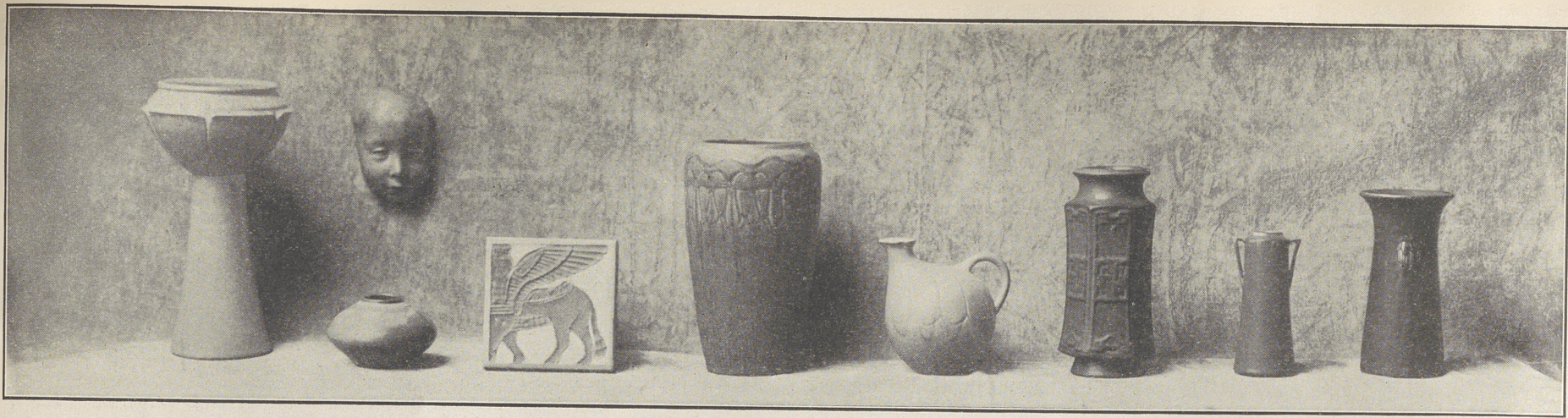
Laughlin Theater Long Beach Gem

I motored down to Long Beach last Monday evening to attend the opening of the Laughlin Theater than which Los Angeles and surrounding cities have nothing to equal. The enterprise has an air of the metropolitan about it and the unctuous Manager Levy, who is a combination of the late Will Wyatt and Len. E. Behymer, looms large with affability for the welfare of his guests. He delivered himself of his policy for the conduct of the house and was followed by the mayor of Long Beach who dwelt with emphasis on the fact that only wholesome and clean plays would be produced. Considered as an ensemble much deserved credit must be accorded Irving G. Gill, the architect. He has evolved a sane, wholesome structure which, it is to be hoped is the forerunner of many more such simple and attractive little theaters. To place the color scheme in harmony Raymond C. Gould has blended soft, yet brilliant tones of orange and purple, and in his curtain has given us an entirely new thought of decorative values. To Homer Laughlin, Jr., belongs high praise for the initiative which has given us those ten sterling murals, the work of Hanson Puthoff. In these, Mr. Puthoff has engrafted the spirit of California. They are splendid as seen in their respective niches and they are certain to stamp this theater one of the show places of the southwest.

Same Name, Different Poetry

There must be something in a name. Here is John McGroarty of Alameda writing poetry—no, let me rather say verse—in the Oakland Tribune. It cannot be our own John Steven McGroarty, he who created the "Mission Play," because I have not heard of John Steven removing to Alameda and, anyhow, I find more conclusive proof that it is not he when I read the verse. The Alameda McGroarty invokes the muse to voice that ancient lament of his townsmen against the S. P. ferryboats and their landing place in San Francisco.

"Markets for the swelling volume of German manufactured goods, greater each year by the amount produced by a new generation of efficient hands, Germany is seeking; markets in which she may continue to sell at a profit indefinitely, and so ward off that readjustment of German industry which must involve considerable, even though temporary, suffering to many of her people and so invite emigration." Shades of Timothy Dwight and Mark Hopkins! This is "English as she is wrote" by a down-to-date, abroad-educated American University professor! As Mrs. Daskam Bacon's Bobbert said, "Uncle Frank isn't a wise man, he's a p'fessor in a college."



EXAMPLES OF ROOKWOOD WARE TO BE SEEN AT THE MABEL WATSON STUDIO, PASADENA

By Beatrice de Lack Krombach

ASKED to analyze the modern school after viewing the 78 canvases hung, and to remain through the month, in the fine arts gallery at Exposition Park one is limited, for the showing includes only the work of three painters. One from the middle west, and two who live in our northern environs. Collectively considered these canvases, while relatively different in expression, have the same basic principle in their development, the character of the elements rather than the subject matter itself is depicted.

Insofar as argument of this school is to be determined pro and con, let me say a word. What have we gained by the elimination of "charm" and "prettiness" from canvas expression? Has the depiction of sensation as against the inertia of yesterday made the canvases more vital? Characterization, as expressed in the portrayal of the elements of emotion, is an abstract beauty, the development of an inner vision. The solidity of those latter days, in its tendency to disclose the realistic, was merely a direct synthesis of interpretation. The question, therefore, resolves itself, which is to be preferred? One readily concedes first place to sensation, in its larger meaning, in all consideration of the attributes of life. Why, therefore, not incorporate it into brush presentment?

In this time of greater materialism the reflex effect of such a factor is invaluable—in fact indisputable. So, then, Providence for the emotional—remember I did not say the sensational—in art! When this form of interpretation makes the mind the accessory to the fact, makes it serve as the functioning element only, it cannot set art at an unbalanced angle. Praise for or against it, however, must be accorded on the ratio of intelligence displayed in the depiction. Mind in art expression should be a force of control, not its master. Such force, plus the impetus of inspiration, can never be sensational. One cannot reiterate too frequently what a direct antithesis emotional art is to sensational art such as developed by cubists, futurists, and the other ultra cults. I believe in modern interpretation when it is sane and does not entirely vitiate the substance of the matter presented.

This point considered one is compelled to call attention to the vital impression made by the direct advance accomplished in the understanding of color and its subtlety. For if the modernist has achieved anything beyond the academician, it is his development, nay a more forceful word is necessary, this understanding of the mechanics of colors. Salient are the values in the contrast of colors. How many truly understand and appreciate the modicum of proportion there is in its modification and moderation? The use of its quality as it prepares light and air? Have you thought that color in its relation to light is like ordinary sound compared with the cadences of melody? Color has hues, tints and shades and these have true and false notes. Pigment is a composite of these elements and to make its application subtle knowledge and understanding of its limitation are essential. To repeat, the modernist has found color, for he plays melodies with it upon his canvases. They bring joy to the beholder, for where cadences prevail there are always attentive, happy people.

Thoughts such as these crowd in upon one when viewing the exhibition at Exposition Park, but in a degree they strike upon less fertile ground, for there is lacking the finesse of quality. Crudities such as one experiences in analyzing the beginnings of an experiment are felt. These three artists do not represent the more definite development of this new form of brush interpretation. To speak of them in their sequence of naming in the catalogue: Jerome S. Blum is a searcher for truth. He is an excellent draughtsman, though he at times be-

comes totally unconscious of planes and values. He leaves the joining stitches of his technique too bare, in other words he has not found his heaven. As a colorist he is individual, but many times makes me think of squirmy things, especially when he attempts to essay shadows and reflections. His water often is woolly, at times even like fibroid and his textural stretches are many times too much for even the strongest imagist.

Anne M. Bremer is startling at times, viz: in her still life. Understanding of texture from her brush is well expressed; one has but to look at the bowl in the above to appreciate this fact. Her values in form and modeling are, however, at fault. I do not feel that she has entirely encompassed the subject of design, nor does she understand truly what the decorative quality of a picture must express. Harmonies of objective planes as they relate to story telling are an art in themselves. Many fine colorists have yet to find understanding in this direction.

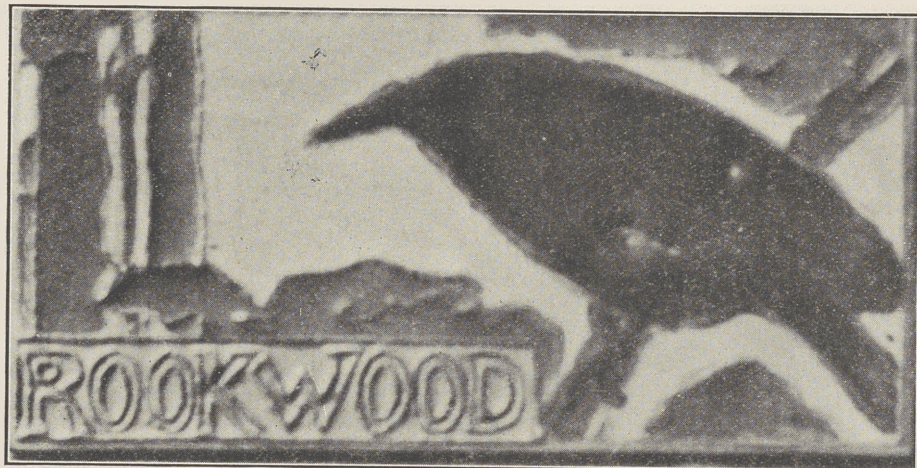
Henry Varman Poor, art director of Stanford University, gives one many sensations. Primarily, one is puzzled at his

work, he deserves commendation in that he is driving his desires home. What his ultimate goal may be it is difficult to prophecy, but did he let his intelligence hold his emotions more keenly, and let them go hand in hand with his ideas and connect them more sanely with his palette, what a fine painter he would be.

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Preachers and poets have made the potter's wheel their text, for the "throwing" of a vase is nigh unto magic. Have you watched the potter as first he beat his clay, pounding part of his spirit into the mould? It is a sight once witnessed, always remembered! Many times he cuts it, and again moulds it that it may be entirely homogeneous. This mass he throws on a central revolving disc or wheel and with his two hands presses it into the form of a cone. The disc still revolving, he places his thumb at the center of the cone and, gently steadying it with his other hand, permits the clay to flow between the thumb and fingers. As it seeks relief from pressure it flows upward, continually mounting higher and thinner and forming the walls of the vessel. No art seems more truly creative. With the slightest change of mood or move of the finger another form is born. It is in this creative art that Rookwood ware excels. Beneath its brilliant surfaces it reveals the very poetry of life. Connoisseurs treasure early and fine specimens, for they are rare today.

When pottery making became the craze in 1880 several women of Cincinnati began making experiments. One of them, Mrs. Marie Longworth Storer, built a pottery of her own. She called it "Rookwood," naming it for her father's country place near that city. Her attempts to use the Ohio valley clay and build it into a purely American product were entirely successful. More so than all the others she was original in going further by applying color decorations in the materials before they were fired and glazed. In the beginning many processes were worked out. In place of importing foreign decorators with fixed methods she gathered about her a staff of American artists and solved her own problems. Year after year they progressed, mastering the new decorative medium and



aim. Is he attempting to be individual or ultra sensational? If the former there is distinction in his composition, which has fine story telling qualities, but, alas, too much askew are his ideas concerning tone harmonies. Color seems to lose by his application of it. He takes all the joy out of it. His values in contrast are poorly related. There is an uneven balance in his planes and modeling. Possibly, it is because his eye is not true that he fails in this appreciation. The modern French school seems to have had its influence in his development. This quality is particularly noted in his landscapes. His understanding for their proportion seems more pronounced, though they display acutely the same ignorance of light and air quality. In a sense, his canvases are atmospheric; one has but to look at "My Daughter Sleeping," to become aware of this fact, but they do not vibrate too pleasing a quality. One is not stirred to go back and look again.

All in all, judging the exhibition as an ensemble, it is convincing in that it brings home to us the fact of a vital move to a greater individuality and distinction in canvas art—a greater striving for self-expression that will stamp the modern artist as a non-composite. The effect of the academic period was that of a compound strata of thought. Viewing the work of any one artist would immediately designate the school of his learning. Today, and in the days to come, while the essentials may depict the same character of emotion, there will be much diversity in the form of the rhythm with which it is expressed. Those others did not know how to interpret the rhythm and movement possible in tone valuation.

To avoid over-crowding this review I shall speak only of Jerome S. Blum's canvases, Miss Bremer and Mr. Poor to be reserved for next week. His exhibit

stroke, which he cleverly applies with his palette knife. That is why "Railway Crossing," which designated place I failed to find a record of, is a fair example of the post-impressionist school. "The End of the Fete, Paris," and others too numerous to mention are of like caliber. As a painter of portraits he exhibits fine understanding for flesh values. "Fisher Boy," the only example of this character exhibited, has also excellent portrait qualities and is by contrast most simply treated, and consistently expressed. His attempts to interpret the Grand Canyon are absolutely impossible, though that in the mood of "Moonlight" is understandable. He appears in these to be searching for extremes. Least comprehensible is the "View of Grand Canyon." Who ever saw such slabs of color? for no texture quality represents the stone ledges. "Between Two Trees" has extreme rawness of tone, but is more draughtsmanlike in development. Still life he has studied and developed with success. In these he shows the diversity of his talents to advantage. That of "Zumats" is a most complete canvas. There is reserve in its handling. "The Red Pot" is also representative, but the floral arrangement is not so good. In his genres the people are types—of that there can be no question. The foreign atmosphere of their setting is distinctly in evidence. The crudeness of the colors used in their development, however, makes many of them poor creations. They are also a trifle monotonous as they do not vary sufficiently in subject matter. See one and you see all. Marines are, as I have experienced before, his most impossible canvases. The drawing of his boats is poetic, but under the influence of the remainder of the composition often lose their excellent values.

To complete the arraignment of his

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Week of November 13 to 19

Joint exhibition canvases of Jerome Blum, Anne Bremer and Henry V. Poor—Museum Art Gallery.

Frank W. Cuprien—14 marines—Kant Gallery, 854 South Hill.

Hanson Puthoff and Granville Redmond canvases—A. A. Byrens, 836 South Broadway.

Old Chinese Porcelain—Bentz Art Rooms, 213 West Fourth.

Italian Objects D'art—Raymond Gould Shop, 324 West Fifth.

Carved Cameo Jeweled Novelties—O'Hara & Livermore, 253 East Colorado, Pasadena.

Designs for decorative motifs for linens, wearing apparel, trousseaus and outfits—Mrs. Eugene Steiner, 324 South Fresno.

evolving a technique of their own while unfolding a style which was absolutely individual to this ware. Today, they sign each object and the value is placed on the quality of the work of the artist.

Were one to enter the studios of the pottery today at Eden Park, as it overlooks Cincinnati, he would find a place ablaze with blendings of tints whose richness, warmth and brilliancy mingle with vibrating elements and set it all atune. Olives, russets and yellows predominate and make subtle appeal to the lover of the tenuous in art expression. The power of the backgrounds completes the harmony. In the finer specimens the subject is treated with rare delicacy of feeling and suggestion and many present a creative power found only in conceptions on canvas. Filtering light effects are pertinently visible in those modeled of more recent years. It is the under-glaze, so wonderfully perfected, which creates this effect. The secret of this method lies in the manner in which the decorations are applied. While the clay is yet damp, and before the first firing, the over-glaze is added, and, later, each piece receives its second firing.

It is interesting to drift back into the process of their creation for a moment. The artist works by faith, letting his imagination have full play, after the mind has formed the picture. Then he applies his colors. In developing them they appear more conspicuous than in the finished product. Strangely unfamiliar they often appear in tone, and the artist must trust to chance that they produce the right effect. Fire in burning on the glaze plays strange pranks and not seldom destroys entirely a choice creation. Or again, the colors take badly and the effect may be wholly absent, or a blemish render the object well-nigh valueless. At times, an especially fine piece is broken and occasionally a hastily constructed object has been known to reveal qualities never before dreamed of. This sets the artist thinking and he begins a new journey of experiment which may result in innumerable discoveries.

Early expressions were in rich mahogany tones showing iridescent golden lights and are choice developments in this ware. The marines are particularly beautiful in this tone. The action of the sea seems visible and eyrie forms traverse intervening spaces. The mahogany monochromes have been the delight of the collectors of the past decade.

Since the native clays have inclined from the earlier yellows, browns and reds, larger and more varied tones values have been made possible. The harmonies in pale blue and green came next and are still much in vogue. These are characterized by a limpid, opalescent, sea green effect. A favorite decoration is of fish moving under water. In floral design under this glaze, blues, yellows and at times reds are used. "Iris" is another type with deliciously tender and suggestive color effects under a brilliant white glaze. Its variety of tones is practically unlimited, and its quality has a mellowness that marks it from other wares. There are "mat glazes" with and without painting, suggestive of flowing enamels, but showing a mat texture. Another type is the conventional of this same class. They show flat decorations rather than naturalistic treatment, and reflect an important movement in modern art. Still another development is the "incised mat glaze" which derives its name from the incised decorations and comes in monotone and two-tone effects. "Modeled mat glazes" are much in demand for lamp bases. They have a particular richness of color in combination with a softness of texture and modeled decoration. All of these glazes were given awards at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. "Vellum Ware" is, as its name implies, of refined texture and color. It is devoid of luster and without dryness and has the effect of an old parchment. Its quality retains for the artists all those elements hitherto only possible of development under a brilliant glaze. This has been the more important note in the evolution of Rookwood ware.

All of these fine types can be seen at the Mabel Watson studio on East Colorado street in Pasadena. There she has an exhibition of unusual merit. All shapes and styles are included. Such gifts for remembrance of the holiday time are exceptionally valuable to collectors of art objects. They are within the reach of all tastes and demands.

Willard Huntington Wright in the current issue of "The Forum" attacks most vigilantly the collection displayed on the walls of the Metropolitan Museum in New York. He says there are only ten first-class works shown, and asserts that fifty per cent of the others are worthless; also that "not one great school is shown to advantage by a comprehensive selection

tion of canvases." All great truths, sad as such conditions may appear when read in cold type. Thinking New Yorkers have talked among themselves of this non-direction in the gathering of the works of art of this institution, but no one heretofore has dared to spout about it. His criticism of the lack of copies, where it is not possible to acquire the originals, is also well taken. All types can be represented in any collection by this manner of reproduction. Read the article; it is full of wholesome suggestion and should be of service to other cities that are either gathering or rearranging their exhibits. We, too, may benefit by the information set forth.

Hanson Puthoff's murals were placed and shown in their niches at the opening of the Homer Laughlin Theater at Long Beach last Monday evening. As they are seen under special hidden searchlights their value is much enhanced and California's spirit radiates an atmosphere of dignity to the place.

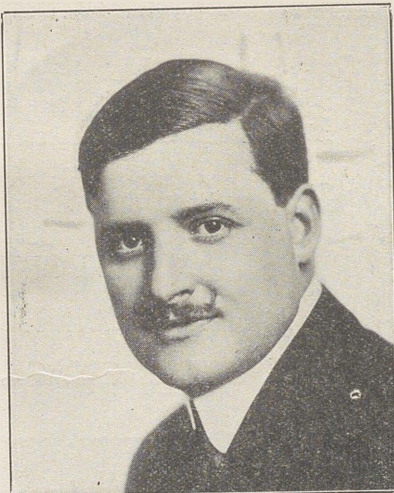
Maurice Braun was in town for a day this last week on his way from the San Francisco Exposition.

Soon the rooms of the California Art Club in the Normal School will be ready for the one man shows the club is planning.

Frank William Cuprien's exhibit of fourteen new marines opens at the Kanst Gallery Tuesday, November 16. Monday the sale of the Sauerwein canvases is to be held at this gallery.

Luvana Buchanan, who came here from Chicago to execute the murals for the Barbara Worth Hotel at El Centro is established in town at a studio at 1945 Magnolia avenue. She plans an exhibition at one of the galleries shortly.

"Crusade of Children" at Christ Church Gabriel Pierce's "Children's Crusade" will be given its first public production in Los Angeles next Thursday night at Christ church under the direction of Archibald Sessions. Mr. Sessions and his assisting artists gave this work two years ago before the Friday Morning club, at which time, of course, the attendance was limited to club members.



Henri La Bonte, Tenor

Now the general public may have the opportunity of hearing this magnificent composition from the pen of one of the most prominent writers of the modern French school. It is a musical legend in four parts, dealing with the story of the fanatical crusade of children in the period of the Holy Wars, for the recovery from the hands of the Saracens of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The part of the blind child, "Alain," who alone receives the spiritual vision of the glory of Christ, will be sung by Mrs. Catherine Shank; the role of "Allys" by Mrs. Bertha Winslow Vaughn; the "Narrator" by Henri La Bonte, tenor; the "Old Sailor" by Joseph Porter, bass; and the "Voice from on High" by Fred McPherson. The mothers and solo quartette voices will be presented by Mrs. MacDonald Patterson, Miss Ethel Best, Mrs. Norman Robinson, Mrs. Clea Brownrigg and Mrs. Minnie Hance. Fifty children will sing the juvenile parts and the choir of Christ church the other choruses. Miss Myrtle Outlet will play the harp accompaniments and Mr. Sessions will be at the organ.

Among the Rand McNally publications in preparation for the coming fall is "The Pirates of the Sky," a novel by Stephen Gaillard which promises to bring much fame to its author. Mr. Gaillard is a Chicago writer who has hitherto confined his writings to newspaper serials. This is his first complete novel in book form.

Mme. Alys Larreyne in Recital

Madame Alys Larreyne, prima donna soprano of the Paris Grand Opera who has already taken a firm hold on the affections of Los Angeles music lovers will give a concert in the grand ball room of the Hotel Alexandria the evening of Thursday, November 18. Alys Larreyne is an American, born in Illinois, and she claims New York as her home. At an early age she went abroad and while visiting in Rome she met the famous tenor, Tamagno, at a soiree given by Signora Cola Sebasti. Struck by the sweetness of her voice and her personal beauty, the tenor encouraged the girl to study and himself undertook the development of her voice. Unfortunately, her studies were interrupted by the death of Tamagno, but he left the inspiration and encouragement which stimulated her to work hard to attain the career he felt was

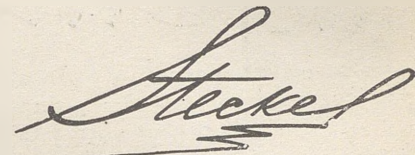


in store for her. Madame Larreyne continued her studies in Rome with Signora Falchi, later with Frau Organi and Frau von Schuch of Dresden and finished with de Reszke in Paris, "finishing" by no means implying that she considered her musical education complete for like all great artists she works extremely hard and is most conscientious and ambitious. Madame Larreyne, naturally, has made many influential friends. Massenet, one of them, advised her and coached her in his own works. Grieg and his wife were among her intimate friends. The American girl first came into prominence in the London summer season of 1909 when she gave at Bechstein Hall an interesting concert of vocal compositions by royal composers, including the Prince Consort, the Princess Henry of Battenburg, the German emperor and the duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, as well as a group of early ballads, the work of kings long dead. The young singer received the honor of a "command" to sing before the late King Edward. Following this appearance she filled engagements in Paris, Amsterdam, The Hague, Monte Carlo and Berlin. While at The Hague she had the distinction of creating Madame Butterfly and was highly praised by Puccini, the composer. Then she made her debut at the Paris Opera in the arduous part of Elsa in "Lohengrin." The French papers were full of praise for the voice and beauty of "La jeune Miss Yankee," as they called her. Her extreme fairness and beauty made her an ideal Elsa and evoked a storm of applause on her first entrance, but it was soon evident that she did not rely on her beauty alone for success. Her magnificent voice, wonderfully expressive acting and personal charm made a profound impression. Among the numbers that Madame Larreyne will give Thursday night will be the Jewel Song from "Faust" and an aria from "Mignon" with flute and harp obbligato. She will also give songs by Lecoq, Massenet, Revnoldo Hahn, Debussy and Pessard and a group of songs by American composers.

Authors are often asked to autograph copies of their own books, but it has remained for Mary Roberts Rinehart to reverse the usual order. By her special request her personal copy of "K" is inscribed with the names of all the people concerned in any way with the publishing and printing of the book. Beginning with G. H. Mifflin, president of Houghton Mifflin Company, the list includes signatures from the editorial, publicity, art, and printing departments, the composing room, and the bindery, making in all about fifty names.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.
Non-Coal. October 18, 1915. 016227

Notice is hereby given that Wilhelm Fischer, of Highland, California, who, on August 26, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 016227, for W½ NE¼, and E½ NW¼, Section 21, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 9:00 a. m., on the 10th day of December, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: William David Sewell, of Corral Canyon, Calif.; Chauncey E. Hubbell, Carl J. Ostrom, both of Escondido, Calif.; Joseph A. Anker, of Los Angeles, Calif.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

Cheaters

SELDOM has the Orpheum presented so fine a bill as that offered this week and particularly does the galaxy of entertainers shine in comparison with the mediocre shams of the last few weeks. Walter C. Kelly, the Virginia judge, and Long Tack Sam, fascinating as his name, are here, yet they surpass but little the rest of the numbers which go to make up this satisfactory entertainment. This is not said as a reflection upon them, but as a recommendation for the entire program. The show opens with one of the prettiest acrobatic turns ever devised, a head-balancing act given in a winter setting by Jack Dudley and two pretty girls, the trio costumed with a view to color harmony with the pretty scene. Sheldon Brooks and Clarence Bowen are decidedly "two dark spots of joy." They have a musical act in which the harmony is forgotten in the comedy and do not insist that the audience take their efforts seriously. Emily Frances Hooper and Ellsworth Cook are pretty dancers and they, too, understand the value of har-

Navassar Girls in musical selections and James Kelso and Blanche Leighton in a bright line of nonsense.

Amateur Players Open Winter Season

It was a brilliant performance before a distinguished audience with which the Amateur Players opened their winter season Monday evening at the Little Theater. Really a "polite vaudeville" show, it was nevertheless a genuine one, ultra-modern and asking no favors in comparisons with professional entertainments. Beautifully staged, presented with verve and carefully utilized enthusiasm, embodying the latest ideas in color and costume, it was a performance of which all the participants may well be proud. Professional talent, of the strictly high-class, polite sort, was called upon for a little help but the credit for the affair belongs to the amateurs. Two playlets were presented. One, "Armed Neutrality" was by Courtney Foote, of motion picture fame. The author appeared in it as the "silly ass" type of



NELLIE V. NICHOLS AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

mony in costuming. If it be left to the noise vote of the audience, our old friend Pat Rooney is the favorite of the show. Pat is more a lively jumping-jack than ever and with his charming wife, Marion Bent, gives a revamped version of the ever fresh "At the News Stand." A clever Orpheum stage hand is drawn from behind the scenes to assist in the fun-making. Walter Kelly, he of the marvelous voice and the south of Dixie manner of pronouncing "cort," tells several deliciously funny new stories before he holds his famous police court session. Long Tack Sam has a troupe which presents a vaudeville show of its own, Chinese in its tone but universal in its appeal. The delightfully named celestial is the star of his aggregation, but by no means the only competent performer. He produces the globes of gold-fish from thin air that we have grown to expect of Chinese magic workers, but he goes further; he juggles, jumps through circles of knives and gives a monologue at the expense of his English friends. A five or six year old Chinese girl sings "Tipperary" and "Chinatown" and wins the hearts of her hearers. Motion pictures of the "battle" of Agua Prieta are shown. The holdovers include the two best acts of last week's bill, the Sixteen

Englishman, engaging in heated arguments with a sentimental German, delightfully portrayed by Roy Silent. For the love of their landlady, charming Mrs. Harry Coburn Turner, the two arrange to share an apartment and apparently, have settled down to an armed neutrality when the crying of war extras in the streets disturbs their peace.

The other playlet was "The Simple Life," a near-Anatol bit of a sketch written by Frank Elliott, an English actor who, also, took part in it. "The Simple Life" afforded a good opportunity for the abilities of talented Mrs. John Crombie Niven, whose fine work is not unknown to the Amateur Players, since she has had the leading part in other of their productions. There is enough naive wickedness in the skit to make it lively and piquant. Miss Gertrude King, who did not speak a line, was an exceedingly attractive "other woman," while Mrs. Walter Leeds, playing the part of the maid, suggested an unusually happy home. Perhaps, the most pleasing part of the entire program, at least to the eye, was the series of Vogue living pictures, directed by Mrs. Rufus Spalding of Pasadena and in which she appeared with six society girls Misses Maud Daggett, Emily McBride, Dorothy Lindley, Steh-

man, Rosemary Sartori and Jane Richardson. Under the supervision of Mrs. Ralph Williams was offered a futurist cabaret scene.

There was a melodious male quartette, composed of Henry Daly, Arthur Dordworth, Blake Smith and Walter Story, all in black and white to harmonize with the setting, the climax of which was a big white moon in a midnight black sky. Miss Mildred Landreth was delightful in coon songs and with her ukulele. There was hardly a hint of amateurishness in the dancing. Miss Emmeline Childs was a beautiful fairy in white and silver. With Earl Fox as her partner she gave an emotional dance to Offenbach's "Barcarole." Graceful, girlish Dorothy Williams had, with Robert Smith, a dance called the "Rose." Frank Elliott gave an English monologue and Blake Smith a solo. Constantino sang "Con Amore" in fine style. Fred Goodwins, a member of John Drew's company when the star last visited Los Angeles, played a funny individual of convivial habits.

Alfred Allen, who has directed previous Amateur Players affairs, had charge of this one, with an able assistant in Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson, who with Horace Boynton had charge of the "properties." Richard Alter directed the music. Samuel Storrow of Pasadena lent eclat by acting as electrician. Following its first presentation before an audience confined strictly to members of the organization

and their invited friends, Monday evening, the enjoyable entertainment was repeated Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Children's Hospital and at both performances was the Little Theater crowded.

Fourth Week of "Nearly Married"

"Nearly Married" will start its fourth week at the Burbank theater Sunday afternoon and apparently is in for a long run. The plot concerns the doings of Betty Lindsey, who has not been married long but desires a divorce and employs a professional co-respondent, only to become jealous of this woman and want her husband back. Frances Ring and Edmund Lowe play the principal roles, which they seem to relish as much as does the audience. Grace Travers makes a fascinating "divorce specialist." A Burt Wesner, Lda St. Leon, Frank Darien and other favorites of the Burbank company are all well cast. The play is one of the most amusing farces shown here recently.

More Good Things at Orpheum

"Headliners" are becoming common at the Orpheum. On the bill for next week five of the eight acts will have that distinction, if the big type holds out. Of the six new acts to open Monday three are what is known as "toppers" and the two holdovers are of the same caliber. Nellie V. Nichols, still in doubt about her nationality, will be back. Harry Beres-

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PASADENA

ford and his company are to come in a quaint comedy, "Twenty Odd Years," by Tom Barry. "The Bank's Half Million," the last play written by the late Paul Armstrong, will be presented by a company headed by his nephew. The headline holdovers will be Walter C. Kelly, the Virginia judge, and the irresistible Pat Rooney and Marion Bent. Galetti's baboons will give a complete little play. Mignonette Kokin, said to be a clever girl who sings, dances and imitates will be here and the Garcinetti brothers, tumblers, will complete the bill. The Pathe news views and the usual orchestral concerts will be given.

"Woman's Past" at Miller's

Strong dramatic action with thrills galore will be provided in "A Woman's Past," which is to be the Fox feature play at Miller's next week, opening Monday. Nance O'Neil is the star of the drama, which is laid in the metropolis but which is alive and vibrant with the elemental clash of primitive human emotions that manifest themselves under the veneer of cultured civilization. Frank Powell was the director of the photoplay which was produced by an all-star cast. Another funny Wallingford comedy will complete the bill.

Mission Play Soon to Leave

It is now but a matter of days until December 4, when the Mission Play will close its doors at San Gabriel to go on tour to tell the glorious story of California in alien places. Thousands of Southern Californians who, strange as it may seem, have not witnessed the Mission Play, are flocking to the ancient town to improve the last opportunity of witnessing the great pageant, while other thousands are taking second or third looks at its warm and colorful stage pictures.

"A Night in the Snow" at Garrick

There will be a big double bill at the Garrick theater next week, opening Monday. Charley Chaplin will be seen in his latest first-run Essanay comedy, "A Night in the Snow" which is said to be as funny as anything he has ever done. Robert Warwick, the eminent actor, will be shown in "The Flash of an Emerald," a crook play of the "Raffles" type.

"On Trial" a Dramatic Novelty

What is called a remarkable novelty in dramatic construction is promised at the Mason Opera House the week of November 22, when the gripping "On Trial" will be shown. The play is the first effort of Elmer L. Reizenstein, a lawyer, and carried the east by storm. Owing to the many inquiries for seats the sale will open Monday, November 15, at 9 a. m., instead of Thursday as is usually the rule at the Mason. The regular matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday and a special Thanksgiving matinee also will be held.

For Lovers of Literature

Ida M. Leonard has resumed her reading hours for lovers of literature and has opened her studio in the Y. W. C. A. building for a series of Friday afternoon readings. Both the old and new in literature are to be drawn upon at these gatherings which are to offer the enjoyment and spiritualization of thought that the concert gives to the music lover. Among the authors whose work is to be taken up this month are Lord Dunsany, George Bernard Shaw, Arthur Schnitzler and Rabindranath Tagore.

"Pair of Sixes" Coming to Majestic

December 6 the Majestic is to reopen its doors with "A Pair of Sixes," Edward Peple's laughable farce which has been such a success in New York and on the road. It was a great hit when shown here last year. The cast includes Oscar Figman, Jack Raffael, Ethel Wilson, Richard Earle, Hilda Graham and others. The management evidently considers it wise to announce "A Pair of Sixes" is not a moving picture."

Reviving interest in Russian literature manifests itself not only in the demand for books now being published, but for those of earlier fame. Gorky is the link that unites the old school of Russian novelists with the younger men today. His last two books of fiction are "The Spy," a novel, and "Tales of Two Countries," a collection of short stories that represent his exile in Italy. The former is in his best early manner and the latter represents a transition to a method in which he sacrifices none of his pristine power but discloses an artistry not evidenced in the same degree in those of his books which made his name a household word.

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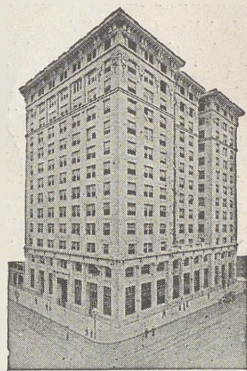
Sixth and Spring Streets

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK.

pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Hibernian Savings Bank, a corporation, unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 13th day of October, 1915, a special meeting of the stockholders of said corporation has been called for and will be held in the office and principal place of business of said corporation, to-wit, at its banking room, Second Floor Hibernian Building, Southeast corner of Fourth and Spring Streets, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, on Wednesday, the 12th day of January, 1916, at the hour of Three o'clock on the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Three Hundred Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$350,000), consisting of Three Thousand Five Hundred (3,500) shares, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, to the amount of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000), to consist of Five Thousand

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(5,000) shares, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, and to transact all such other business as properly pertains to or is connected with such increase of capital stock.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated this 13th day of October, 1915.

A. M. GIBBS,
Secretary of Hibernian Savings Bank, a corporation.

Revision of Manuscripts

Manuscripts revised, corrected, type-written, by experienced critic and author formerly with the Literary Bureau of Philadelphia. Tel. 10349, Main 77. Sara Schmucker, 243 S. Olive.—(Adv.)

Social & Personal

ONE of the most brilliant weddings of the year was that of Miss Daphne Drake, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, and Mr. Sayre Macneil, son of Mrs. Hugh Livingstone Macneil, the ceremony being performed Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 2715 South Hoover street, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Joseph S. Glass, formerly of this city, officiating. The decorations were artistically carried out in silver and blue, against a background of pink and white. The altar was formed of pink and white roses and foliage, tall candelabra with lighted tapers casting a soft glow over the scene. Tall silver vases, filled with clusters of long-stemmed shaggy white chrysanthemums were also used in the drawing room and the aisle, through which the bridal party passed to the altar, was outlined with tall standards of turquoise blue and silver, topped with huge bows, while streamers of the ribbons connected the standards. The charming young bride, who was given away by her father was attired in a gown of white satin brocaded in silver. This was veiled in white tulle with sprays of orange blossoms. The long train fell from the shoulders and was made of the cloth of silver with over-drape of tulle embroidered in silver. Edging the long bridal veil was lace from the wedding gown of the bride's mother, and this was caught to her head and the skirt by sprays of orange blossoms. She carried an arm bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley. Little Carrita Miller, dressed in a dainty frock of pink chiffon with garlands of pink rosebuds, carried the bride's train. The bride's attendants were Mrs. George McDonald Wallace, Mrs. Charles Reginald Blyth, both recent brides; Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Phila Miller, Miss Louise Winston, Miss Ruth Winslow, Miss Mary Donohue and Miss Delight Shaffer, while Miss Helen Jones was her maid of honor. The latter wore a beautiful gown of turquoise blue tulle, ornamented with tiny pink bows and knots of ribbon of the same shade. She carried a large plaque of blue straw, folded and filled with pink cyclamen blossoms, tied to the tip of a pink staff by broad tulle ribbons. The other attendants were attired alike in gowns of flesh colored taffeta and chiffon, trimmed with silver. Each carried a round flat basket filled with Cecile Bruner roses, ferns and ornamented with blue tulle ribbons with long streamers. As the bridesmaids passed through the aisle they hung their baskets on the standards. Mr. Stuart O'Melveny served Mr. Macneil as best man and the ushers were Mr. Donald O'Melveny, Mr. Bruce Macneil, Mr. Clinton K. Judy, Mr. Maynard McFie, Mr. Felix T. Smith, Mr. Douglas Brookman, Mr. Marcus Marshall and Mr. Hugh Gordon. Mrs. Drake was attired in a gown of white satin, wearing a corsage bouquet of pink and lavender flowers. Mrs. Macneil's gown was of American Beauty rose panne velvet. Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner wore a rose velvet gown. Mrs. Bernard Smith, sister of the bridegroom, was attired in a gold brocaded gown, trimmed with gold lace, and Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet, aunt of the bride, wore an imported gown of black chiffon trimmed with point lace and rhinestones. Following the marriage service, a supper was served in a spacious marquee erected in the gardens. Silver vases filled with the beautiful white chrysanthemums and ferns were gracefully arranged on the smaller tables, while the bride's table was exquisitely decorated with bride rosebuds and lilies of the valley, the entire floral scheme having been arranged under the direction of Mr. James W. Wolters. Japanese lanterns suspended from the ceiling of the marquee, provided the effective illumination. Mr. and Mrs. Macneil left after the wedding for an extended trip. After January 1 they will be at home with Mr. and Mrs. Drake, pending the completion of their own home.

Interesting to a large number of friends was the marriage Wednesday evening of Miss Suedeale Miles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harvey Miles of 43 Westmoreland Place, to Mr. Edgar Shelton Dulin. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. George Davidson of St. John's Episcopal church officiating. Only

relatives and a few of the most intimate friends were present for the ceremony. The home was attractively decorated with quantities of American Beauty roses, ferns and tulle, and during the reading of the service the bridal party stood beneath an archway of ferns and blossoms, formed before the fireplace in the drawing room. The bride, who was given into the keeping of the groom by her father, wore a gown of flesh-colored tulle, embroidered with silver and made over white satin. The veil of tulle and lace was caught to her head by a wreath of orange blossoms, while knots of the same flowers held the veil to the skirt. Her bouquet was of white orchids and maidenhair ferns, with long ends of the white tulle. Miss Edna Miles assisted her sister as maid of honor, being attired in a gown of American Beauty corded silk, made with overdress of shaded tulle. She carried an arm bouquet of long-stemmed American Beauty roses. Mr. Garretson Dulin, brother of the bridegroom served him as best man. Following the wedding service a supper was served in the dining room, which was effectively arranged in a color scheme of pink and green, roses and ferns being used. Mr. Dulin and his bride left later for an extended wedding trip, and upon their return they will make their home in Pasadena.

Miss Clara Scott and Mr. LeRoy Parker Swaine have chosen Wednesday evening, November 18, as the date for their marriage. The ceremony will take place at St. John's Episcopal church. Mrs. Herbert Lewis and Mrs. David R. Snyder, the latter of Philadelphia, will be the matrons of honor. Miss Dorothy Albrecht of Dayton, Ohio, and Miss Lily Zand of Denver will be bridesmaids.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Neustadt have returned to Pasadena for the winter, after a summer passed at Coronado. They have taken apartments at the Hotel Maryland.

Mrs. Owen H. Churchill of 2201 South Figueroa street has as her house guest, her cousin, Mrs. William G. Wilson of Sharpville, N. Y. A number of delightful courtesies are planned in honor of this charming visitor, who will remain in the city for four or five weeks. Mrs. Wilson has been visiting the two expositions and is stopping here prior to her departure for home.

Mr. and Mrs. William I. Pearson of 1525 South Van Ness avenue, entertained informally Tuesday evening with an enjoyable dancing party. About fifty of their friends were invited for the occasion.

Mrs. Albert Mortenson of Lake street will entertain with a bridge luncheon at her home November 23, a hundred guests having been invited to the affair. A few close friends have been asked to assist her in receiving her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Williamson will entertain with a dinner party at their home in Park View avenue, November 18, a number of friends having been invited.

Miss Frances Beveridge entertained twenty-four of her young friends with a motor party last Sunday. A trip was made to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dana Lombard in Beverly Hills, where the party enjoyed a plunge in the beautiful swimming pool.

In honor of Mrs. Estelle Johnson Ryan, whose engagement to Mr. Hugh Brown, first lieutenant and navigator of the U. S. S. Maryland, was announced recently, Mrs. Charles Martin O'Leary of Wilshire boulevard entertained Friday afternoon with an artistically appointed luncheon party. Today Miss Agnes Golden, who is to be one of Mrs. Ryan's attendants, is entertaining with a delightful affair for her.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Morthy of Santa Monica entertained with a dinner party recently in the women's annex of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, places being set for twenty-five guests. A large cluster of fragrant roses formed an attractive center piece for the table.

Society folk this week were particularly interested in the two entertainments given by the Amateur Players at the Little Theater. The two performances planned in the interest of the Children's



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Hospital took place Monday and Tuesday evenings, the first being for members of the Players Club only while the second performance was for the general public. Mrs. Hancock Banning, president of the Amateur Players, had general supervision. A number of small dinner parties were given in connection with the two entertainments. Mrs. Hancock Banning entertained for Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara, who has been her guest for several days, other Santa Barbara folk including Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins and Mrs. Arthur Lord. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story were also host and hostess at a similar affair. Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell entertained with a dinner prior to a theater party.

Mrs. Frederick A. Walton of 755 West Adams street and her son, Mr. Winsor Walton, left Monday for San Francisco where they plan to pass a fortnight visiting and seeing the exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Bartlett and daughter, Miss Bartlett, have returned to their home, Vista del Mar, Hollywood, after a visit at Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Mary Gridley-Braly was hostess Wednesday at her home in Glendale, entertaining the General Richard Gridley Chapter, D. A. R. A loan of colonial and other antique heirlooms was attractively displayed and tea was served. The members of the Chapter arranged to take up the study of United States history this winter.

Among the charming visitors here is Mrs. A. Rockey of Portland, Oregon, who is the house guest of Mrs. Joseph K. Clark and also of Mrs. William Mead. Mrs. Rockey, who is a prominent society woman of the northern city, joined Mrs. Clark in San Francisco, motoring down with her. Since her arrival she has been the guest of honor at many affairs, the initial one being a prettily appointed luncheon given by Mrs. Clark at her home, 903 Lake street. Besides the guest of honor there were present Mrs. William Mead, Mrs. T. F. Miller and Mrs. G. G. Cochrane. Sunday evening, Mrs. Rockey was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Mead. Wednesday, Mrs. Rockey with Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Rittenbaugh of Boise, Idaho, motored down to San Diego, whence they are expected to return today. A number of delightful affairs are planned for this next week in honor of this charming visitor. Mrs. Clark will entertain with a dinner party tomorrow evening. Monday, Mrs. T. F. Miller who is the sister of former Senator W. A. Clark and Mr. J. Ross Clark, will entertain. Mrs. William Mead will

(Continued on page eleven)

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No. 26945.
Estate of Hugh Montgomery Cowper, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administratrices with the will annexed of the Estate of Hugh Montgomery Cowper, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrices at the office of John Beardsley, at Suite 336-339 Title Insurance Building, Los Angeles, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Hugh Montgomery Cowper, deceased, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Dated October 28th, 1915.
ETHEL MILDRED WHEELER,
HILDA C. MONTGOMERY,
Administratrices with the will annexed of said estate.
John Beardsley, Attorney.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

OF COURSE, we knew that a great pianist was to play at Trinity Auditorium last Saturday afternoon. It didn't take L. E. Behymer to tell us that. We had direct information from J. Pluvius on the subject. Being a pianist means rain, on the Behymer courses of concerts; but only a great pianist could break a six months' drought. As an asset to the country Miss Lerner should not be overlooked by Manager Frank Wiggins. There may have been exceptions, but so regularly does rain announce or accompany a piano recital here that a pianist has come to be judged, not by the length of his hair or presence of his "herr," as in other cities, but by the amount of precipitation.

Miss Lerner is a petite pianist with a beautiful face of almost Oriental cast. In manner she is quiet, dignified and businesslike. Her program was largely composed of Schumann and Chopin, with Rachmaninoff and Liszt added. She presents her bravura work in so quiet a manner that the listener is not warmed up by the mere physical exuberance, as with some pianists. She has a remarkable digital technical ability and it is interesting to see how she discards the canons of piano pedagogics and plays in her own sweet style of finger use, regardless of methods and the methodists. The average piano teacher would declare she would not have to go through a series of piano studies "to acquire the proper playing position," and that "no one could make an artist using the fingers in that flat way." Something like Rossini told Boehm—that a certain passage in D flat could not be played on the flute—but Boehm went on playing it on his new flute, all the same. And so Miss Lerner sets at naught all the exactitudes of finger method, especially that of the old Stuttgart school, and even the later ones, by getting results that are "impossible." But she is bright enough to say, "I get results with the flat finger, touching the key half way between the tip and the first joint of the finger; that is my way, but I do not say it is good for any one else. It was the way I adopted when I was a child and it suits me. I believe in people doing things their own way—if their way makes artists of them." And so Miss Lerner's plan of pianistic digitation might not be a good model for young pianists in general. As a result of her peculiar style of touch her playing is less brilliant in tone; there never is a harsh quality drawn from the strings. She is not a heroic player, not a "Lioness of the Keyboard," as Carreno is ecstatically called by her press agent. But she has wonderful virtuosity for all that, a technic that knows no difficulties. Her playing, as it will be seen from the above, is sane and sensible, not sensational, not extremely emotional, but wonderfully clear and musical.

I found Tina Lerner an interesting little woman. She speaks a good English, but a little diffidently. And you may depend upon it, she has ideas outside of piano playing, though our talk was principally of that—to the public—uninteresting subject. Miss Lerner has more of a reason for liking California than simply satisfying her aesthetic taste by visions of our flowers, palms—not those in the so-t boxes—mountains and sea. She finds the magnificence of nature an inspiration, a renewal of artistic energy. "There is more inspiration for the artist in your big West than in the East," she said. "There I ride out for air and exercise—and I go through miles of packing house and factory smells and breathe gallons of coal smoke. When I return I have seen little beauty, my artistic sense is not refreshed. In California, I hasten for my ride or my walk. For I know it will be through clean streets, past lovely homes; or, in the country, through acres of flowers and oranges. As I travel by train, it is past towering snowy mountains or through vast sweeping plains. And I go back to my music with joy, renewed, refreshed. So must any artist, though all of them don't bore the public with it, as maybe I am doing. Truly, there may be more art in the East—there is bound to be where population and riches are denser; but there is more inspiration in the West. Do I see any

difference between my Eastern and my Western audiences? No, not much. Perhaps, the easterners are more conventional and the westerners more enthusiastic. You are not so much bound down by what other people do and what other people think. I find the educated few that attend piano recitals about the same the world over, be it Oshkosh or Odessa, Long Beach or London. It is not the place that counts, it is the personality."

Opening its eleventh season, the Orpheus Club presented a program at Trinity Auditorium last week which was one of the best it has offered. Much of this excellence was due to the three heavier numbers that the club sang in the San Francisco Eisteddod competition, Protheroe's "Drontheim," Foote's "Farewell of Hiawatha" and Jenkins' "The Assyrian Came Down." Yet I have heard the club sing these with more gusto in previous performances. Possibly, they were a little tired of them. After hearing the first two on five or six different occasions (not always by this club, however) I must confess a willingness to follow Mr. Jenkins' advice and let the Assyrian come down, and stay down for a year or so. The "Prontheim" number is the most interesting of the three, which speaks well for Dan Protheroe, the Chicago Welshman, when in competition with so experienced a composer as Arthur Foote. A number that is worth a second hearing, and I was in hopes the audience would ask for it, was the "Italian Serenade" of Leoncavallo. It is quite sugarish, but repetitions generally are reserved for those numbers in which the composition is entirely treacle. The remainder of the program comprised lighter numbers, sung with graceful precision. Grace James was the soloist of this concert, singing an aria from "Le Cid" by Massenet, and several shorter numbers. Her style is unaffected and direct and her voice clear and well modulated. In the undesirable seats (not) reserved for the press representatives I was unable to judge of the quantity of tone or the brilliancy of it, and the same as to the club's singing. The effectiveness of tone is largely dissipated by the time it reaches the rear seats under the balconies.

At the Orpheus concert a member of the club presented a loving cup to its director, J. P. Dupuy, in recognition of his fatherhood and motherhood of the organization. After Mr. Dupuy emerged from under the verbal bouquets showered on him, he gave a resume of the history of the club and of music in Los Angeles fifteen or more years ago. He spoke clearly and condensedly and to the pleasure and edification of his auditors. And certainly no one can begrudge him this little honor for the years of hard work he has put in with the Orpheus Club. In his talk, Mr. Dupuy incidentally mentioned the state of music in Los Angeles about 1897. At that time there was no Symphony Orchestra, the Ellis Club was temporarily defunct, the Lyric Club had not been formed, the Treble Cleff Club was not active, neither was the Krauss quartet nor the Brahms quintet in existence, and Dupuy had not yet formed the Euterpean quartet. Altogether, Los Angeles was a good deal of a musical desert. Along about 1898 things began to pick up. The symphony was organized—Dupuy and Behymer doing the hard work at that—the former established the Euterpean quartet and Fred Bacon his oratorio society; in five years the Ellis Club was revived under Poulin, the Lyric Club had diverged from the Treble Cleff Club, causing the latter's death. Mr. Krauss was presenting his string quartet concerts, a little later the Lott-Rogers concerts were offered and the Brahms quintet formed. Harry Barnhart established the Apollo Club and Albert Jahn the Los Angeles Oratorio Society. Mention of these organizations and their valuable musical activity shows what a musical desert the city must have been without them.

As its principal contribution to the creating of a wider knowledge and appreciation of the Los Angeles symphony orchestra programs under the baton of Adolf Tandler, the Ebells Club this year will have monthly lectures for an in-

terpretative discussion of the programs on the Wednesday preceding each concert. The lectures will be given by Mrs. Ethel Graham Lyndes and Mrs. Gertrude Ross. The club has issued sixteen hundred special guest tickets for the use of members who may desire to bring friends. Last year Ebells members reserved one hundred season tickets for the symphony concerts and it is expected that the order this season will be as large, if not larger. Monday afternoon, at the regular meeting, Ebells women will have their last opportunity to make sure of reserving the same tickets they held last year. Clifford Lott, vice-president of the symphony board, William Edson Strowbridge, assistant manager, and Mr. Allen from L. E. Behymer's office, having charge of Trinity Auditorium, where the concerts will be held, will be present to assist in making reservations. Mrs. William Jones, former president of Ebells and chairman of the symphony committee in that club, will be assisted Monday by Mrs. E. W. Martindale, Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Reuben Shettler and Mrs. Harmon Ryus. The club has named a large committee on symphony affairs with these additional members: Mesdames W. S. Bartlett, W. F. Botsford, George Brock, James W. Holder, Maurice Hellman, Wm. I. Hollingsworth, William H. Jamison, Stoddard Jess, Fred W. Johnson, Frank King, Gertrude Ross, E. S. Rowley, E. K. Sibley, Charles Seaman, Hampton L. Story, George P. Thresher, Frederick Rindge, Hartley Updegraff, Edwin G. Voigt, Erasmus Wilson, Miss Mattie Wilson. The first concerts of the symphony season will be given November 26 in the afternoon and November 27 in the evening.

Dr. Frederick Clark, well known Chicago baritone, will be heard in the musical program at the Hotel Ingraham Sunday evening. Oscar Seiling of the Brahms quintet will play and Ethelyn Harrison will be the accompanist of the evening. The following program will be given: Group of four songs from "A Seminole Legend," (Woodman) Dr. Frederick Clark; violin solo (Selected) Oscar Seiling; reading, "Uncle Daniel in Town Over Sunday," Dr. Clark; Where e'er ye Walk, (Handel) Dr. Clark; violin solo, (Selected) Mr. Seiling; reading, "By the Side of the Road," Dr. Clark; reading with piano accompaniment, "Old Sweetheart of Mine," Dr. Clark.

Tonight at Blanchard hall, May McDonald Hope will give a piano program, assisted by R. H. Staples, violinist. The program is a pretentious one, including the Kreutzer sonata, a Grieg ballade, Bruch's Swedish dances, a group of Chopin numbers, a Wagner-Liszt arrangement and the Liszt Polonaise.

Lester Donahoe, formerly a Becker pupil and lately with Rudolf Ganz, received excellent notices on his piano recital in Aeolian hall, New York city, Oct. 27. He plans a concert tour for this winter.

College of Music, U. S. C., will give a "Brahms evening" Dec. 3 at Cumstock hall. This will be the first of a series of programs to be given this season under Mr. Skeele's direction.

Ebells club house auditorium was filled Saturday night at the recital of Anthony Carlson and Dorothy Thayer. Mr. Carlson makes a specialty of German song and he presented a representative list in his most effective manner. Mrs. Thayer was heard in German and American works, and both singers in duets by Mrs. Beach, Harriet Ware and Cecile Chaminate. The excellence of the singing brought out enthusiastic applause for both artists, with the customary floral appendices.

Messrs. Constantino, Hediger, Allmond and Mrs. Stevenson gave a program of Italian opera numbers at the Teachers' Convention at San Diego, Thursday afternoon of this week. The program was unusually attractive. Sigmund Beel, of the Symphony Orchestra, received an ovation for his violin number.

By the will of Cora Dow, of Cincinnati, the Cincinnati symphony orchestra has been made a gift of \$700,000, with more to follow as the estate grows in value. Only the interest can be used for the orchestra. As the money is invested in realty and business, the income will be about \$45,000 a year. Boston has her Higginson, New York, her Pulitzer; Cincinnati, her Dow; Los Angeles has her —; step up gentlemen, don't be backward. You don't have to die to give the money. The Los Angeles Symphony orchestra "could do with" (as the Englishman says) \$10,000 a year very nicely, from "live ones."

Social and Personal (Continued from Page 10.)

give an attractive luncheon the day following while other courtesies will be extended by Mrs. J. Ross Clark, Mrs. Loren D. Sale and Mrs. John W. Kemp.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Howell, 1338 Kellam avenue, of the marriage of their youngest daughter, Miss Margaret Wilmarth Howell, to Mr. Herbert Burton Andrews, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Childs Andrews, the wedding having taken place last Saturday afternoon. Miss Annie Stockton Howell, sister of the bride, served as bridesmaid and Mr. Franklin B. Howell, Jr., of Santa Barbara, was best man. The bride, who was given away by her father, is a direct descendant of Richard Stockton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. She also is the great granddaughter of Commodore Robert Field Stockton, first military governor of California.

Mrs. Carl Kurtz entertained recently with a daintily appointed luncheon at her home, 1129 South Alvarado street. Following the luncheon auction was enjoyed by the guests who included Mrs. Loren D. Sale, Mrs. Willard J. Doran, Mrs. O. A. Vickery, Mrs. George H. Kress, Mrs. W. Ross Campbell, Mrs. Herman Janss, Mrs. A. G. Gage and Mrs. William Brill.

Mrs. O. M. Justice has returned from a delightful trip through the middle west. She visited in Denver and Salt Lake City coming home by way of San Francisco, where she was met by Dr. Justice and together they enjoyed the exposition. Dr. and Mrs. Justice are again at home at the Bryson Apartments.

Several pre-nuptial affairs are being given in honor of Miss Virginia Walsh, one of the most popular members of the younger set, whose marriage to Mr. Charles Morehead Nebeker will be an important social event of November 17. In honor of Miss Walsh, Miss Elizabeth Brant entertained with a luncheon at her home on South Figueroa street Wednesday. An affair of last week at which Miss Walsh and her fiancé were honorees was the dinner dance given by Miss Dorothy Lindley at the Los Angeles Country Club. Other guests who enjoyed the occasion were Miss Rosemary Sartori, Miss Eleanor Banning, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Constance Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks and their house guest, Miss Harriet Jacobs, Mr. Frank Simpson, Mr. Overton Walsh, Lieutenant William Newton, Mr. Paul Herron, Mr. Wells Morris and Mr. John Rankin. Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine occupied a small table near that of the young folk.

Miss Martha Weaver and Miss Helen Brooks entertained a number of the members of the faculty of Cumstock School of Expression at a luncheon Wednesday of this week. The tables were laid in the "House in the Garden," the school dormitory, and were charmingly decorated with masses of zenias.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of 2244 West Twenty-fourth street has returned from San Francisco, where she enjoyed a visit of four or five weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jennings. Mrs. Morgan makes frequent trips to the northern city, where she has a host of friends of her girlhood. She is always the recipient of many delightful social courtesies while visiting there.

Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Howard were host and hostess recently at a delightful little dinner party given at the Beverly Hills hotel. About twenty-five of their friends enjoyed the occasion.

Mrs. Vernon Goodwin entertained recently with a charmingly appointed luncheon at the Los Angeles Country Club. The affair was in honor of Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann of San Francisco, who, with Mr. Dohrmann, will visit in New York for several weeks.

Gardner Hunting, whose book for younger readers, "Sandy's Pal," has just been published, is the author of several successful books for younger readers. He was born in Kilbourn City, Wisconsin, in 1872. He has been reporter and editorial writer, associate editor of "Technical World" and editor of "The People's Magazine" 1912 to 1914, and frequent contributor to "St. Nicholas" and "The Youth's Companion."

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Books

UNIQUE in so many things, California is also different from the rest of the gardening world in several points. There are two springs, there is almost no dormant time, there are all varieties of soil and climate; best of all, there are limitless possibilities. But because it is so different in so many vital points, the accepted truths of gardening are not all the truth for California. For this reason the ambitious gardener, whether he gardens for pleasure or profit needs a book to guide his efforts written of California by an experienced California man. No eastern book, however complete, can give him what he needs, for even the pests are different!

Such books have been written on the subject of both vegetables and flowers by Mr. Edward J. Wickson, professor of horticulture in the university of California and editor of the Pacific Rural Press. In the "California Vegetables in Garden and Field" can be found the simplest and most complete directions for every soil and every vegetable grown in California. As essentials to success in gardening, Mr. Wickson names, "Will, Water, Work." There is another, if the gardener would know the richest return for his labor, love of the work, joy in the smell of the earth, satisfaction in its yield!

Beginning with preparation of the soil, ways of irrigating and ditching of the ground for distribution of the water, the book goes minutely into every detail of planting, growing and marketing. Each variety of vegetable has a chapter devoted. Nothing was forgotten or omitted in this most complete aid to successful gardening. Acceptable at any time of the year, as it is always the time to plant something, "California Vegetables" should be on everybody's list.

Between the extremes of the botanist's pride and delight, and the florist's artificial ways of producing monsters, lies the wide "mesa of moderate monsters and moderate investment upon which anyone, with a love for it can grow in California, through the whole circle of the year, by the square foot or by the acre, flowers to delight his heart, to comfort his wife and educate his children," says Mr. Wickson in the preface to "California Garden Flowers." Again, beginning with the soil, continuing upon fertilizers, tillage and irrigation, every stage of the flower garden is adequately treated. There is a chapter devoted to the chrysanthemums, telling exactly how to disbranch, disbud, prune and water to get any style of flower you wish. Bulbs, water plants, and seeds for every condition of sun and wind are carefully described. Every back yard as well as every front yard may be beautiful and livable with a little care at the right time. Add these two volumes to the Christmas shopping list, they will please the active gardener and inspire the potential one. ("California Garden Flowers." California Vegetables." By E. J. Wickson. Pacific Rural Press. Bullock's.)

"Nobody"

"Nobody," she came near to being that, for she was a seven dollar a week department store girl, sighed for adventure and then calmly tumbled down an open trap-door into a home of fashion where she arrayed herself in finery and under the expert guidance of Louis Joseph Vance ventured out upon a series of experiences quite as startling as are to be expected of this weaver of the modern American story of society adventure. She saves the life of a supposed burglar, finds he is the owner of the house the safe of which he is opening, and only after a long series of harrowing episodes learns that he really has stolen the gems and silver of his family and with his sister is trying to defraud a burglary insurance company. Few books, even of its school, have ever approached "Nobody" in quick movement. Its adventures are pleasing ones, never are its mysteries so mysterious that the reader cannot justify his own cleverness by hitting upon the right solution and there is a comforting tone about the narrative which holds a constant conviction that everything will come out all right in the end, as it does, with the erstwhile shop girl suggesting to the inevitable rich man that a Riverside drive apartment would be a happy compromise between a New-

port villa and a Harlem flat. It is a diverting story for a dull evening. "Nobody." By Louis Joseph Vance. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

Boyhood Thrills and Other Cartoons

There is such a wide difference between the silly, oftentimes brutal antics of the children of the so-called "comic supplements" and the bits of real boy life as depicted by the clever pen of Webster, of the New York Globe, that it is difficult to realize that both are the products of the same craft. Webster, evidently, has been a boy himself and while his cartoons of childhood and of everyday life are not superior to those of Briggs, who started the cult with his "O Skinnay" series, they are by the same token of sincerity in no whit inferior and the present collection of them, just issued under the title of "Our Boyhood Thrills and Other Cartoons" is likely to please those persons who are not satisfied to have but one laugh at a clever drawing. Among the best things in the book are those which exhibit the boyhood ambitions of now famous men, for instance President Wilson, who confesses he wanted to enter the navy, and who is shown returning to his native village to receive the plaudits of the citizens after a first voyage. ("Our Boyhood Thrills and Other Cartoons." By Webster. George H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

"How To Write for the Movies"

There have been many books published on the writing of movie scenarios and probably no where else in the United States have such books been purchased in so large quantities as here in Los Angeles, the center of the motion picture industry. It may be that Louella O. Parsons had this local demand in mind when in publishing her "How to Write for the Movies" she had it issued in pocket size, just the thing for the ambitious person waiting in the yard of one of the big local picture establishments to pull out and read while he, or more likely she, waits for the director to come out to make a selection of "types." But while the book is small, nevertheless, it seems complete, for, to the observation of a layman, no omissions of material matter are noticeable. The author has had several years experience as a scenario editor and writes with an air of authority. She treats of practically all aspects of the craft, not merely the technical preparation of a scenario, but the underlying principles which go to make good photoplays and even gives a list of concerns to which amateur authors may submit their efforts. ("How to Write for the Movies." By Louella O. Parsons. A. C. McClurg & Co. Bullock's.)

Magazines for November

World's Work for November has for its keynote "For adequate national defense" and through articles on congress and the army and navy and on the attitude of congressmen and press on the subject presents strong argument in favor of greater armament for the United States. "The Life and Death Chess Game in Europe" is discussed. French Strother has an interesting illustrated article on "Weapons of this War" wherein he shows how many ancient devices of warfare have been adapted to modern needs. Theodore H. Price gives his ideas on the subject "Will Prosperity or Poverty Follow the War?" There are two articles on the export trade and a miscellany on other important topics of the day.

Beautiful photographic illustrations as usual form an interesting part of the Theosophical Path for November. There are a number of travel and historical articles in addition to the strictly theosophical contributions. Kenneth Morris offers the second part of his "Golden Threads in the Tapestry of History."

Whiting in the November Nautilus on "Your Storage Battery," Paul Ellsworth urges human recharging as the most important fact in determining success or failure, health or lack of health. Edwin Markham contributes a poem, "Earth is Enough" and there is the customary assembly of new thought articles.

"With the Gods on Mount Olympus" is a finely illustrated article by Aristides



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E. Phoutrides and Francis P. Farquhar which takes up a considerable space in Scribner's for November. Timeliness is emphasized in the magazine by Edith Wharton's "On the North Front;" "The Retaking of Alsace" by E. Alexander Powell; "Immigration after the War" by Frederic C. Howe and "Mexico City in Revolution" by an American woman. There is the usual strong collection of stories and poems and Jesse Lynch Williams has an amusing contribution on "Back to the Town." Ernest Peixotto describes and draws "North Portugal and its Romaries."

"Blazing the Motor Trail to Whitney" is described in an illustrated article which is a feature of Sunset for November. Walter Willard tells of the trip made last summer to ascertain the feasibility of the proposed highway to California's highest summit. Senator Stanford was one of the real pioneers of the motion picture industry, according to Harry C. Peterson, who writes of "The Birthplace of the Movies." Arno Dosch contributes "The Blood-Offering of British Columbia," and there is the usual high-class collection of articles, stories and poems of the west.

Forty-two pages of the Forum for November are devoted to Herbert Spencer's "Over-Legislation," with comments by Judge E. H. Gary. The space accorded it seems justified. Willard Huntington Wright, formerly of Los Angeles, has an article on "The Paintings of the Metropolitan Museum," in which he concludes that the canvases, "judged either from the standpoint of individuals or schools, are lacking in any degree of comprehensiveness and as they now stand, are of very dubious educational value to anyone." Carlo de Fornaro writes of "The Great Mexican Revolution." Other articles and poems include "War Letters from 'A Living Dead Man'" by Elsa Barker; "Chinese Lily" by Paula Jakob; "Two Choruses from 'Iphigenia in Tauris'" by Witter Bynner; "The Case of Dr. Nordau" by James Huneker and "The Garden of Geddes II" by Huntly Carter.

"As an Ally of the Allies" is the significant line which appears across the top of the cover of the North American Review for November. The contents seems to bear out the slogan. The editor, George Harvey, has a conversational discussion of "Patriotism and Profits." Munroe Smith writes of "If Germany—?" Other articles of the month are "Shall we Defend the Monroe Doctrine?" by Albert Rushnell Hart; "Naval Principles" by Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N.; "Prohibition" by L. Ames Brown; "Suffrage and a Woman's Centenary" by Ida Husted Harper; "The Matter with Railway Regulation" by Samuel O. Dunn; "The Hermit Thrush" by Grace Denio Litchfield; "Some Unpublished Letters of Verlaine" by Arthur Symonds; "Henry Arthur Jones" by Thomas H. Dickinson; Lawrence Gilman's book reviews and the last installment of Mary Austin's serial "The Man Jesus."

As has been the case with the magazine ever since the great European conflict started, there is not a war article from cover to cover of the November Harper's. This is said either as a recommendation or a condemnation, according to the viewpoint of the reader. The leading contribution of the month is "An Interview with Napoleon's Brother" by James K. Paulding. Alice Brown has a typical story, "Wedding-Gifts." Brander Matthews writes of "American Aphorisms." William Warfield contributed an illustrated article on "Bagdad, City of the Kalifs." Walter King Stone draws a number of illustrations in color for Walter Pritchard Eaton's discussion of "The Ways of the Woodchuck." There are a number of fine poems and the usual high class collection of short stories.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have just sent "The Return of Tarzan," Edgar Rice Burroughs' popular story, to press for a fifth printing.

In the World of Amateur Sports

HOWEVER much the public may like to see its favorites run true to form, it is the upsets in any sport which provide the real thrills and keep interest in a game alive. That is why the Pacific Coast tennis championships at San Francisco, the finals of which were played last Sunday, tended to attract more attention than they would have received had the American title holders enjoyed the victories anticipated. As it is California has a new crop of tennis stars to threaten the east. The tournament will be long remembered as the saddest one on record for national title holders. A Stanford University lad, H. Van Dyke Johns, humbled the newest men's sensation, National Champion Johnston, in the semi-finals of the men's singles. The score was 4-6, 6-4, 6-3, 4-6, 7-5 and indicates that the college man had no easy time. It also shows that he possesses a courage that should carry him far in the court game. Johns was unable to cope with his fellow collegian in the finals and Herbert Hahn, a Pasadena boy who is the tennis star of Stanford, won the Pacific Coast championship, 6-1, 6-4, 3-6, 6-1. Hahn had defeated Griffin, Johnston's partner as national doubles champions, in the semi-final round.

Really, a greater surprise than the defeats of Johnston and Griffin was furnished in the semi-final round of the women's single when the Norwegian wonder, Molla Bjurstedt, lost to the little known San Francisco girl, Anita Myers. Miss Myers in the first set appeared as foolish as do most of Miss Bjurstedt's opponents and dropped it 0-6. Then she recovered her assurance and took the next two, 6-4, 6-4. She was defeated in the finals by Mrs. Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman, 6-3, 6-1. Mrs. Wightman thus regains a title she held before she became national champion several years ago.

Miss Bjurstedt and Mrs. Wightman captured the women's double title, defeating Marjorie Wale and Marjorie Thorn, 6-2, 6-1. In the mixed doubles finals Helen Baker and Roland Roberts won from Molla Bjurstedt and Clarence Griffin, 7-5, 2-6, 6-4. Ray Kinsey won the coast junior title, defeating Irving Karsky, 6-3, 6-0, 6-2. Kinsey and Tobias defeated Karsky and Strauss in the junior doubles, 6-2, 6-1, 6-1.

Rain Benefits Golf Links

Rain interlarded with the activities of the golfers over the last week-end, but it is doubtful if a single player regretted it, so great has been the benefit to the various courses of the south and replanted sections on several links will be in shape to use weeks in advance of the time originally expected. Next Saturday and Sunday at the Los Angeles Country Club semi-annual play for the Julius A. Brown cup will be held. The cup was donated two years ago by Mr. Brown, who is one of the best-liked of Los Angeles golfers. Winners of the trophy have been K. K. Parrott, H. H. Braly, I. W. Shirley and C. B. Hopper. Seven players are left in the fall handicap of the Los Angeles Country Club, one match having been played last Saturday when A. Thomas defeated A. J. Barrett, 1 up. The others left in competition are John W. Wilson, R. G. Howard, W. H. Young, I. W. Shirley, Thomas McCall and Dr. W. H. Spinks.

Golf in the United States

Recent discussions over the date of the bringing of golf to America fix it in 1882, instead of 1888, when John Reid, "the father of American golf," joined six other enterprising men in forming the St. Andrews Golf Club. It is stated that Robert Lockhart, returning from his annual trip to Scotland in 1882 brought with him a few implements for playing a new game called golf. With John Reid he constructed a six-hole course at Yonkers, one of the suburbs of New York. The course was laid out in a pasture belonging to a man named H. O. Tallmadge and, partly because he owned the property, partly because he was a good fellow, Tallmadge was made one of the three pioneers of the sport in this country. At that period there were perhaps half a dozen players and fifteen sticks in this country, and the sport was confined to the original group at Yonkers. The sticks had rings of different colors painted on them to distinguish the clubs of one player from those of another and also to tell the clubs apart, since the players of those days were not particularly familiar with the variations between the putter and the driver. The sticks were wonderful things, great

heavy clubs, four of which made a load for a caddie. By 1888 the players had become too numerous for the pasture links. A new six-hole course was laid out on the east bank of the Hudson river and the notable St. Andrews Golf Club had its genesis. It was on this course that there came into existence what is now famous as the "Apple Tree Gang." The players derived the title from the fact that their clubhouse was a large apple tree, the limbs of which became clothes racks while its leaves furnished an awning and its fruit refreshment after a round of the course. The first tournaments in America were held here and the John Reid Gold Medal was first played for there in 1889. The players of those days wore "Prince Alberts" in tournament play, but were allowed to forego a silk hat. The six-hole course was used until 1894.

Winner of Bronze Statue Trophy

Dixwell Hewitt of the Presidio Golf Club, San Francisco, was the winner of the first tri-annual Pacific coast bronze statue trophy competition. Hewitt had a handicap of 18 and his net score was 5 up on par. Professor Ralph Rose of the Claremont Country Club, made the best gross score of the various competitors with 71, which with his handicap of 7 brought him 4 up on par. W. R. Wharton of the San Gabriel Country Club turned in a net score of 2 up on par and W. R. Barry of the same club had 1 up on par. Many entries were made in the competition from Midwick and Alex McDonald had the best result from that club, 2 up on par.

Why Rugby Advocates Smile

Rugby advocates in Southern California are contenting themselves with smiles when the score of the Washington-California football game is mentioned. Seventy-two to nothing in favor of the web-foot team is a silent argument that California would have done better to have stuck to the English game, at least, while it was developing a squad of freshmen in the fundamentals of the American style of playing. Meanwhile, Stanford goes merrily on its way, with loyal collegiate spirit standing squarely back of the attitude the university has assumed concerning inter-collegiate contests.

Southern Favorite in Fine Fettle

Mrs. Tom Bundy, before she went north for her tennis matches with Miss Molla Bjurstedt, which are being played today and tomorrow, declared that she believed she was in the best condition of her career and San Francisco today, doubtless, is witnessing the finest tennis match between women that has ever been played. However, the south is to have the opportunity of seeing what its favorite can do when opposed to the Norwegian sensation, as the two are to meet on the Virginia courts at Long Beach, Thanksgiving Day.

Polo Practice at Midwick

Midweek polo practice at Midwick was postponed from Wednesday to Thursday this week to allow the fields to dry out. The turf has been greatly benefited by the rain and will be in excellent shape for the Midwick mid-winter tournament. At the club this afternoon, Saturday, there will be the usual polo match if the sun continues to shine, while the golfers will have match play against par.

Dog's Closing Show Day

It is a dog's life this week for the aristocrats of the pet world, that have been placed on exhibition in the eighth bench show of the Ladies' Kennel Association. An especial feature of the present show was the exhibit sent by the Cocker Spaniel Club of Los Angeles. Seldom have so many fine dogs been brought together as for the ladies' show this year. The exhibition will close this evening.

Prepare Your November Garden

Theodore Payne, seedman, recommends that you sow for this month beets, early cabbages, corn salad, cress, dandelion, endive, kale, kohlrabi, leek, lettuce, mustard, onion, parsley, parsnip, peas, potatoes, radish, spinach and turnip, and in open ground hardy annuals such as acroclonium alyssum, baryonia, calendula, candyfuff, annual chrysanthemum, clarkia, collinsia, cosmos, eschscholtzia, godetia, larkspur, linum lupinus, mignonette, nemophila, poppies, sweet peas, pansies and stocks; also California wild flowers. Continue to plant hyacinths, tulips, narcissus and other Dutch bulbs.

CURRENT SCHOOL EVENTS

Monday—St. Elizabeth's senior students visit the art gallery at Exposition Park to see the canvases of the modern school.

Wednesday—10:15 at Cummock—Lecture by Miss Dorothy Medland on "Artistic Interior Decoration," as applied to the furnishing of a home. Visitors are welcome.

Wednesday—2:00 at Cummock—Lecture by Miss Helen A. Brooks, "Art Appreciation."

Thursday—2:00 Pedestrian Club of St. Elizabeth's School make holly trip.

Thursday—2:00 at Cummock—Lecture by Miss Helen Brooks, "Literary Appreciation." Interpretive readings by Mrs. Katherine Wisner McCluskey.

Saturday—Last League game played on Harvard Common between South Pasadena High School boys and Harvard Military School.

Westlake girls gave their performance in honor of Lady Gregory's visit yesterday. The presentation was "Spreading the News" and the guests who attended were much entertained by this effort of the dramatic department.

Katherine Jewell Everts gave a brilliant and powerful interpretation of Galsworthy's modern political play, "The Mob," at Cummock School last Monday afternoon. Her technic is such as to occasion unusual interest in any rendition she might give. Miss Everts was the guest of Miss Martha Weaver and Miss Helen Brooks at dinner Friday evening before she left to resume her teaching in the University of California.

Interest at the Wilshire School for Girls the last week has centered about Mrs. Conway Evans whose lectures on History of Art and Recent Discoveries are proving so fascinating. Mrs. Evans lectured before the Altadena Women's Circle last Thursday on a "Trip to the Roof of the World."

Florence Wright was one of the important guests of the Orton School in Pasadena last Thursday. She spoke of "University Life." Friday, Miss Dorothy Douglas Wright entertained the pupils of the school and their friends with eurythmic dancing. Miss Wright is a pupil of the famous Noyes School of Rhythmic Expression. Today the seniors held a picnic at one of the mountain camps in honor of the other students of the school.

Harvard Military Boys played a practice game at Long Beach with the Long Beach High School Boys.

Urban Military School boys are much interested in their vegetable and flower gardens which are here planted under the guidance of a horticultural and floricultural expert.

Monday the juniors of the St. Elizabeth School will visit at Exposition Park to view the Liberty Bell.

Study of History

Our friends and acquaintances may be divided into two classes: those who dislike the study of history, and think it stupid, and those who are intensely fond of it and place it above every kind of rational amusement. I am speaking, of course, from the educational standpoint;

but we have all been to school, so I speak to every one. Perhaps, the social division may be carried back to the teachers we have had; those who knew how to teach history, and those who did not. One of these was like Thomas Carlyle's instructor, who made history a matter for the memory, and kept a big stick beside him to help in the drill. I myself believe that history is the study of studies, the best mental sport and distraction. I would keep the stories of fairyland in history, and have my world peopled with the beings who made it attractive to young and old children in the long distant past. The first thing, indeed, with history is to make it appeal to the imagination, so that the past of the world becomes a wonderland to us when young, and remains so ever after. I shall speak of other aspects of history next week. J. M. D.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

In the Matter of the Estate of Margaret Asbury, Deceased.

It Is Ordered, By the Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before said Superior Court on the 1st day of December, 1915, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of said Superior Court, Department 2 thereof, in the Court House, in said County of Los Angeles, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the administrator of said estate to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary to pay debts and costs of administration or for the best interests of the estate.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in "The Graphic," a newspaper printed and published in said County of Los Angeles.

JAMES C. RIVES,

Judge of Superior Court.

Dated October 25th, 1915.

A. B. Shaw, Jr., Attorney.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.
Sept. 17, 1915.

Non-Coal. 025501

Notice is hereby given that Ida E. Rundle, whose post-office address is 1445 S. Flower St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 9th day of January, 1915, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 025501, to purchase the N $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 19, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200, the stone estimated at \$100 and the land \$100; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of November, 1915, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

No withdrawals.

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Stocks & Bonds

THIS has been a quiet week on the

Los Angeles stock exchange with trading in all lines decidedly limited. Most of what interest was shown centered around the higher priced oil stocks. Union has been fluctuating one or two points but continues to hold in the vicinity of \$64 with more demand manifested than for most of the other issues. Associated Oil and its subsidiary, Amalgamated, have been exceedingly strong, although the trading in them has been limited. R. P. Schwerin, who has been made vice-president and general manager of the Associated, is reported to be in favor of quarterly instead of semi-annual dividends as is the present rule of the company and this has had a strengthening effect on the stock. Producers' Transportation also has been strong and the low-priced oil securities like Maricopa Northern and United were in better demand. Recently announced dividends on oil stocks are: White Star, one-half cent a share; Yellow Pine, 7 cents a share; Amalgamated, \$1 a share; West Coast Oil, \$1.50 a share.

Home Telephone common was the victim of a selling raid Monday and was forced down to \$20, with 200 shares changing hands that day. At this writing it is still weak at bid \$19—asked \$20. Los Angeles Investment has had a good week, many sales being made at the better figures of 41½ cents. The first sale in the bank list for many weeks was that of a limited amount of First National Bank at the strong quotation of \$600.

Trading in mining shares has been lighter than for several weeks past. The principal sensation in this line was the announcement that Tom Reed, one of the leading Oatman district concerns, would pass its monthly dividend, devoting the money to improvement work. Last month Tom Reed paid 1 per cent. The stock had been off five to ten cents before the announcement was made but was little affected by the dividend passing. Jerome Oatman, a new stock, was called for the first time on the local exchange Tuesday afternoon and 40,000 shares were sold at 25 cents. Ivanhoe and Lucky Boy were firm but there was little demand for Big Jim or Fessenden. Mining men believe that a forecasted reaction in eastern speculation in war shares will redound to the benefit of mining interests in making more money available for development and optimism is pronounced among the brokers.

Bonds are showing greater strength, with calls at prices several points in advance of those which prevailed a few months ago. Los Angeles Railway Corporation 5's have been consistent gainers but the greatest activity has been in Home Telephone first mortgage and Home Telephone refunding bonds, rumors of a possible sale to the company having an influence on the market. Pacific Electric 5's and Pacific Light and Power bonds likewise have advanced in price.

Banks and Banking

Optimistic views of business conditions in the middle west are contained in the monthly financial reviews of the National Bank of the Republic of Chicago and the National City Bank of Chicago. The National Bank of the Republic declares that credits are improving and that collections have almost uniformly improved within the last month. Need of a permanent foreign trade of large proportions is pointed out by the bank. In its statement the National City Bank says "A factor of great significance in the situation here has been a new constructive movement in general business. This is noticeable throughout the west and is reflected in increased consumption of merchandise, larger export orders and a somewhat broader demand for money. Much of the present activity comes from an improved domestic demand rather than from increased foreign business. The country is going ahead at a rapid rate and except for the prevailing craze for war stocks there is relatively little speculative initiative."

Cotton states bankers are to hold a conference in New Orleans December 6 and 7. The conference will seek to point

out the importance of continuing campaigns in all cotton states for diversification of crops and building up of the live stock industry.

Negotiations are progressing for the acquisition of the International Banking Corporation by the National City Company, a subsidiary of the National City Bank of New York. The International Banking Corporation has sixteen branches in the Orient and will enable the National City Bank to reach out for that business without the necessity of "breaking ground" as it is doing with its newly established banks in the South American field.

Stock and Bond Briefs

October was the busiest month on the New York Stock Exchange since March, 1907, and was the most active October since 1904. The daily average turnover was 1,073,121 shares and the number of million-share sessions was increased by 17, making the total for the year to date 40. New York bond business was the largest since last April and the greatest for any October, with the single exception of 1904, in the history of the stock exchange. Trading in the Boston market last month was more than double that of September and all the stock exchanges throughout the country, including the Los Angeles exchange, report improved conditions. The New York stock market closed the month with prices, as measured by the averages, at the highest point since the stock exchanges there reopened last December. The railroad average made a gain of 9½ points and the industrials' average advanced 11 points.

Gasoline is jumping in price in the east. The Standard Oil Company has advanced the price to 19 cents, tank wagon basis, in New York city and automobile owners are now paying 22 cents in garages. Last summer the price in New York was 16 cents, retail. In Philadelphia, garage owners are paying 15 cents a gallon. In Boston the tank wagon basis is 19 cents a gallon. In Northern New Jersey the automobile owner is forced to pay 19 cents.

Chicago, Great Western has declared a dividend of 1 per cent on the preferred stock.

More municipal bonds were issued in this country in October than in any previous month of 1915 and more than twice the amount than in October, 1914. Including state and county floatations in the municipal class, October bonds issued amounted to \$27,816,300, against \$21,215,600 for September, bringing the total for the year up to \$388,858,100, as compared with \$415,023,510 for the corresponding period last year. The largest transaction of the month was the sale of \$3,000,000 bonds of the Imperial Irrigation District to the Southern Pacific. Another big item of the month was the sale by the state of California of \$1,800,000 of University of California bonds.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Los Angeles

Jury completed for trial of M. A. Schmidt for Times dynamiting.

Los Angeles directors named for 1916 San Diego fair.

American Can Company purchases site here for \$500,000 plant.

President Tugwell of motion picture censor board removed by mayor.

Club women launch opposition to proposed military training in public schools.

California

Pasadena, South Pasadena and Alhambra unite in purchasing sewer farm site.

Southern California teachers hold institute at San Diego.

Liberty Bell started from San Francisco on trip back to Philadelphia.

American Federation of Labor meets at San Francisco.

First rain of 1915-1916 season falls throughout state.

United States

Many persons killed by cyclone in Kansas.

Theodore Burton announces candidacy for presidency.

President Wilson sharply protests to Great Britain over interference with American commerce.

England seeking further credit in this country.

Foreign

Many Americans lost when Italian liner Ancona is sunk by Austrian submarine.

Mikado of Japan consecrated at Kioto.

Russians regain ground around Dvinsk and Riga.

Nish falls to Austro-Germans.

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GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

UNDER the name of Insurance Federation of California, an organization expected to represent more than 50,000 voters is being formed to combat state insurance legislation and the encroachment upon the field of private enterprise by the system of insurance which the state has fostered under the Johnson administration. Already, permanent organizations have been effected in Los Angeles and San Francisco. It is intended to enroll not merely insurance agents, but every person in any way connected with any branch of the business, either as employee or as large buyer of protection. Temporary organization in Los Angeles was in charge of I. O. Levy and E. H. Morrison. Mr. Levy has appointed Thomas E. Loynahan of the Aetna Liability Company as permanent chairman and Mr. Loynahan is proceeding vigorously with the enrolling of members. In San Francisco the permanent organization also was completed this week. The federation has the active backing of most of the big insurance companies writing in this state. At a recent meeting in New York executives of seventeen companies endorsed the federation's plans and other companies not represented at the meeting agreed to support the movement, which is intended to be the most far reaching ever initiated in any state against the encroachment of government rivals.

It is announced by the Pacific Mutual Life that the scale of policy dividends for next year will be the same as that prevailing in 1915. The Pacific Mutual has issued an interesting leaflet showing the annual dividends, paid-up additions and net cost under its policies for the first eight years of their life.

George Larrabee of this city has been appointed general agent for California of the American National Life Assurance Company of St. Louis. Larrabee was formerly with the Great Republic Life in this city.

Ninth annual convention of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents will be held in New York December 9 and 10. Investments of life insurance companies and their contribution to American economic progress will be subjects for discussion. Authorities will speak on insurance investments in city property, railroads and farm mortgages.

O. B. Ryon of Chicago, general counsel for the National Board of Fire Underwriters, is now on his way west, conferring with state agents' associations along the way. He is expected to stop in Los Angeles on his way to San Francisco.

In order that Los Angeles fire insurance agents may become familiar with the reasons which prompted the orders of the Pacific Board of Fire Underwriters for a strict observance of Los Angeles rate schedules, the local Fire Underwriters' Association has requested R. W. Osborn of San Francisco, president of the Pacific board, to come south and address it on the subject. Local agents desire all information possible so they may know best how to advise their clients in providing fire-prevention apparatus that will tend to lower rates. Apparently, attempts of local civic organizations to obtain a reduction in Los Angeles rates have been dropped.

Strict enforcement of all provisions of the minimum rating act has been required by the state insurance commissioner since the law went into effect October 1 and attention of the insuring public is called to the fact that any evasion of its provisions by an agent not only affects him but also invalidates his policy, thus carrying an even greater penalty to the assured. Los Angeles agents generally, it is reported, show a disposition to abide strictly by the new law.

All losses in the Union Warehouse fire have been settled, the last claim having been paid this week. So prompt was the action of most of the companies that the various merchants concerned seem especially pleased.

Election of officers of the Life Underwriters' Association of Los Angeles will be held at the next regular meeting, December 6. At the last meeting the following nominating committee was appointed, John Russell Newton, Jr., chairman, Frank E. McMullen, W. C. Wells, W. H. Metzger and E. H. Rogers.

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Seashore Ex.	Leave Los Angeles.. 5:00 p.m. Arrive San Francisco 10:10 a.m.
THE OWL	Leave Los Angeles.. 6:00 p.m. Arrive San Francisco 8:50 a.m.
No. 49	Leave Los Angeles.. 7:30 p.m. Arrive San Francisco 12:50 p.m.
THE LARK	Leave Los Angeles.. 8:00 p.m. Arrive San Francisco 9:45 a.m.
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HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg. Spring and Fourth.	GEORGE CHAFFEY, President. GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier. Capital, \$325,000.00. Surplus and Profits, \$35,250.00.
NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. McKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.
COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth.	W. A. BONYNGE, President. MALCOLME CROWE, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits \$20,000,000.
FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.
MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK S. E. Cor. Sixth and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier. Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

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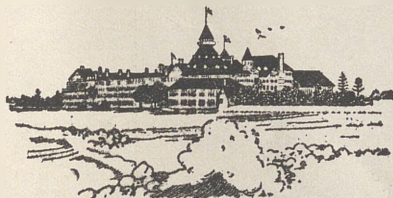
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PARKER'S BOOK STORE, Broadway near Second.
S. SMITH, 434 So. Hill St.
INDEPENDENT WAGON, Mercantile & Bdway (West side of St.)
MERCANTILE STAND, Mercantile & Bdway (East side of St.)
KODAK STORE, Mercantile Place.
PLUEKHARP'S, Mercantile Place.
MERCANTILE STAND, Mercantile & Spring.
ALEXANDRIA HOTEL LOBBY, 5th & Spring.
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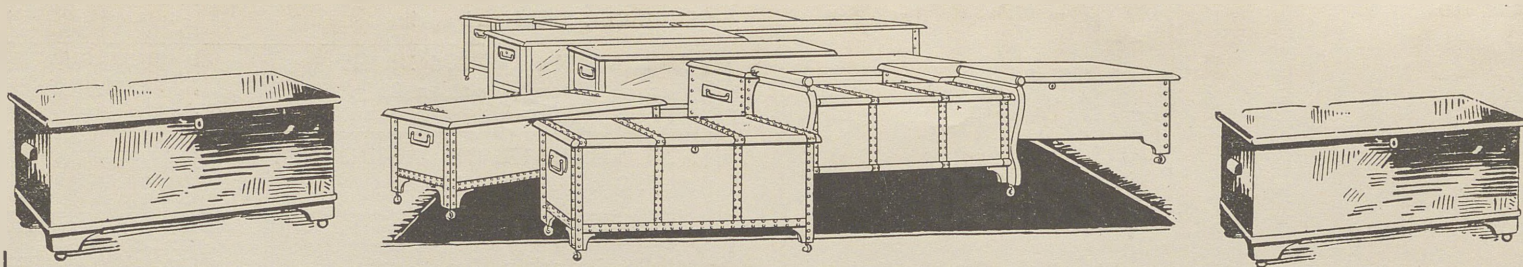
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—Constructed of $\frac{7}{8}$ inch red cedar throughout—rubbed finish top and gloss finished sides and front—equipped with good castors and extension hinges—a well made cedar chest at \$12.50.
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